The Producers

A Musical Comedy By

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EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

1959. The lights and marquees flashing. The cars are driving underneath. From behind the tall buildings appear in giant letters: "THE PRODUCERS"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHUBERT THEATRE - NIGHT

Cars are honking loudly. Homeless people walk around, palms outstretched. The marquee on the theatre reads "Max Bialystock Presents Funny Boy. A Musical Version of Hamlet. Opening Night"

USHERETTES (O.C.)
Opening Night. Opening Night. It’s opening night.

The two usherettes rush out the theatre, holding flashlights and programs.

USHERETTES
It’s Max Bialystock’s latest show. Will it flop or will it go? The cast is taking its final bow. Here comes the audience now. The doors are opening, they’re on their way. Let’s hear what they have to say.

Some audience members rush out of the theatre, running over the usherettes in the process. They look extremely happy.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS
He’s done it again. He’s done it again. Max Bialystock has done it again. We can’t believe it. You can’t conceive it.

MALE AUDIENCE MEMBER
How did he achieve it?

AUDIENCE MEMBERS
It’s the worst show in town.

The usherettes start to sob at the poor reception.

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBERS
We sat there sighing. Groaning and crying. There’s no denying, it’s the worst show in town.

A carpenter walks near the marquee and places down a ladder.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBERS
Oh, we wanted to stand up and hiss...

MALE AUDIENCE MEMBERS
..."We've seen shit, but never like this!"

AUDIENCE MEMBERS
Max Bialystock has done it again! Oh, the book was rotten. The songs were stinkin'. What he did to Shakespeare, Booth did to Lincoln.

The carpenter stands at the top of the ladder, next to the marquee.

CARPENTER
We had this especially made up for Max Bialystock.

The carpenter pulls on the lever and "Opening Night" is switched to "Closing Night." The audience members laugh.

AUDIENCE MEMBER COUPLE
(hailing a cab)
Oh, we couldn't leave faster.

USHERETTES
(upset)
What a disaster.

The audience members walk near a man hidden behind a newspaper.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS
We are still in shock. Who produced this schlock? Why that slimy, sleazy Max Bialystock! What a bum!

The man puts down the newspaper angrily, uncovering his face. He is MAX BIALYSTOCK, 50s, slightly balding, a tad pudgy. He wears his suit with cape and a "producer's hat." The audience members laugh and then leave. The usherettes walk up to him, crying.

MAX
You know, the reviews come out a lot faster, when the critics leave during intermission.

The usherettes walk away, still tearing into their handkerchiefs.

MAX
(reading)
’By the end of "Funny Boy", Max Bialystock’s hopeless musical production of "Hamlet", everybody is dead. They were the lucky ones.’
(beat)
And this was the best review we got.

A fiddler appears near Max, playing a sad tune on his violin.

MAX
Where did I go wrong? Tell me. Tell me, please! What the hell happened to me?

Max crumbles up the newspaper and throws it back towards the news stand cashier.

MAX
Why, you’re looking at the man who...

Max stops the fiddler. After a beat, the fiddler plays a slightly more upbeat tune.

MAX
I used to be the King. The King of Old Broadway.

Max walks over to the news stand and sits on top of a soap box.

MAX
The best of everything was mine to have each day. Oh, I always had the biggest hits. The biggest bathrooms at the Ritz. My showgirls had the biggest tits. I never was the pits in any way.

A group of homeless people appear beside Max.

HOBOS
We believe you, thousands wouldn’t. We believe you, every word. We believe you, thousands couldn’t. We believe each word we’ve heard.

MAX
I used to be the King.

HOBOS
The King?

MAX
The King of Old Broadway.

FIDDLER
It’s good to be the King.

MAX
My praises, they would sing. A Ziegfeld, so they’d say. My shows were always filled with class. The best champagnes would fill my glass. My lap was filled with gorgeous ass.

Max grabs a homeless woman and drops her on his lap.

MAX
You couldn’t call me crass in any way.

Some more citizens appear at Max’s side. Max takes a sip of alcohol and gives some to the homeless woman.

CITIZENS
We believe you, thousands wouldn’t. We believe you, every word. We believe you, thousands couldn’t. We believe each word we’ve heard.

Max drops the homeless woman on the ground and stands up. He begins walking around the plaza.

MAX
Oh, there was a time when I was young and gay...but straight. There was a time when I was bold.

Max walks up to some nuns and grabs the program one of them is holding.

MAX
There was a time when each and every play I touched...

Max throws the program on the ground with disgust.

MAX
...Would turn to gold.

The citizens lift Max up onto a box. He sobs loudly.

CITIZENS
There was a time he wore the finest clothes.

MAX
I did!

CITIZENS
His shoes were always new.

Max takes off his cape, which falls to the ground. The citizens gasp.

MAX
Now, I wear a rented tux that’s two weeks overdue.

Max rips a part of his suit off as the citizens dance around him.

CITIZENS
Poor Bialy, what a shmoozer. Poor Bialy, what a shame. Poor Bialy, what a loser. Poor Bialy, good bye fame.

MAX
Such reviews. How quickly they forget! I am Max Bialystock, the first producer to ever do summer stock in the winter!

CITIZENS
Once he was the king.

MAX
Have you ever heard of "Theatre in the Round?" Why, you’re looking at the man who invented "Theatre in the Square." Nobody had a good seat!

CITIZENS
King of Old Broadway!

MAX
Why, I was even a protege of the great theatrical genius, Boris Tomaschevski.

CITIZENS
(impressed)
Ooh.

MAX
Yes, oh, yes. He taught me everything I know. And I remember one night, when he turned to me on his death bed and he said "Maxella, alle menschen muss zu machen, jeden tug a gentzen kachen!"

NUN
What does that mean?

MAX
Who knows? I don’t speak Yiddish. Strangely enough, neither did he. Yet, in my heart, I knew he was saying. He was saying "When you’re down and out and everybody thinks you’re finished, that’s time to stand up on your two feet and shout ’Who do you have to fuck to get a break in this stinkin’ town?’"

CITIZENS
Yay!

The citizens start dance a traditional Jewish dance. Max joins them in their romp. On the sides dance the other citizens. The fiddler plays his violin on the theatre roof. Max hops into a garbage can and is spun around by a couple of trash collectors.

MAX
I used to be the king. The king of old Broadway. Again I will be king. And be on top to stay.

CITIZENS
On top to stay, hey!

MAX
There’ll be gala opening nights again. You’ll see my name in lights again. I’ll go from dark to brights again. My spirits high as kites again. I’ll never suffer slights again. I’ll taste those sweet delights again. No plethora of plights again. No blossoming of blights again. No frantic fits or
(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)
frights again. Fame is in my sights again. I'll take those fancy flights again. I'm gonna scare the heights again. Bialystock will never drop. Bialystock will never stop... Bialystock will be on top again.

Max rushes over to a taxi cab along with the group of citizens. He climbs atop the cab.

CITIZENS
Fame is in his sights again. He'll take those fancy flights again. He's gonna scale the heights again.

MAX
I'll be on top again, hey!

EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

A plain gray door has "Max Bialystock: Theatrical Producer" printed on the front. A hand knocks on the door.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

It's a rather messy office. Laundry hanging, papers scattered about it. On top of the sofa lies a bunch of newspapers in a big heap. The knocking continues. The door opens and LEO BLOOM slowly walks in. He is 30ish, with wide eyes and nervous look on his face. He carries a briefcase with him.

LEO
Mr. Bialystock? Mr. Bialystock? Hello, is anybody home?

He walks near the sofa, still looking around.

LEO
Mr. Bialystock?

From under the newspapers, Max pops up wearing a night gown. Leo timidly rushes back to the door as Max runs after him.

MAX
Who are you? What do you want? What are you doing here?

Leo, unable to open the door, turns back scared at Max, now very close.

MAX
Speak, dummy, speak! Why don’t you speak?

LEO
Scared. Can’t talk.

Max calms down a little bit.

MAX
I’m sorry. Here, let me help you there. Come on.

Max grabs Leo’s hand, un-attaching him from the door.

MAX
Alright. Just calm down. Just take a deep breath.

Max breaths in. Leo does the same, then lets out a little, nasally sound.

MAX
Who are you?

LEO
I’m Leopold Bloom. I’m an accountant from Whitehall and Marks and I’ve come here to do your books.

MAX
You have, huh?

LEO
Yes.

MAX
Well, listen. I...

There is a knock at the door.

MAX
Who is it?

HOLD ME TOUCH ME (O.C.)
Hold Me! Touch Me!

MAX
(gasping)
Hold Me, Touch Me. Hold Me, Touch Me.
(to Leo)
(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)
One of my backers.

Max drags Leo all the way to the other side of the apartment.

MAX
Now, if you will excuse me, I have to meet with a very important investor. Could you go to the bathroom for a couple of minutes?

LEO
But I just went.

MAX
Then, try. Try again. Think of Niagara Falls.

Max pushes Leo into the bathroom and closes the door. He rushes to his clothes line and grabs his clothes, which throws into the nearby fridge. He rushes to his cupboard behind the sofa. He opens it. Inside are hundreds of pictures of little old ladies.

MAX
(searching)
Hold Me, Touch Me. Hold Me, Touch Me. Lick Me, Bite Me. Feel Me, Touch Me. Suck Me, Fu--

He picks up a picture.

MAX
Hold Me, Touch Me!

He closes the cupboard shut. Leo walks out of the bathroom.

LEO
You know, it worked. When you mentioned Niagara Falls...

Max rushes to Leo and pushes him back into the bathroom.

MAX
Get back in there!

The knocking continues at the door.

MAX
Coming, my little turtle dove!

Max rushes to the piano and places the picture on top of it. He takes a quick look at a mirror. He throws some water on his head and combs it a bit.

MAX
Better.

Max rushes to the door. He opens it. A little old lady, HOLD ME TOUCH ME walks in.

MAX
Hello, gorgeous.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Hold Me! Touch Me!

MAX
As soon as I shut the door.

Max walks over to the door. He looks out at the hallway and gives an annoyed sigh. He walks back into the office and closes the door. He looks around.

MAX
Now, where is she? Where could she have hidden? Come out, come out, wherever you are.

Max walks to the side of the office and looks into the corner.

MAX
Where are you? Where are you, devil woman?

Hold Me Touch Me appears from behind.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Here I am!

Hold Me Touch Me pushes Max into the corner. She rushes over to his desk. The sound of Max screaming is heard as well as other assorted noises. Some plays fly out from where he fell, too. Max, completely disgruntled, walks out from behind the corner.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Oh, Bialy. Are you alright?

MAX
Yes, I’m fine. Merely a flesh wound, my darling. Merely a flesh wound. Now, where’s the checkie?
(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)
You know little Maxy can't produce play-ees without checkies?

Hold Me Touch Me takes a cheque out of her purse.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Here it is.

Max reaches toward the cheque, but she pulls it out of his grasp.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
But first, let's play one dirty, naughty little game.

MAX
Okay, my little sex kitten. What shall we play? "The debutante and the brick layer?"

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
No.

MAX
How about "The rabbi and the contortionist?" You like that one, darling. Keeps you limber.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Oh, no. I know! How about "The virgin milkmaid and the well hung stable boy?"

Max gasps and holds his heart.

MAX
Are you sure? I haven't been feeling too well lately.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Oh, don't worry. I will be gentle.

Hold Me Touch Me pushes Max down on the sofa. She moves to the other side of the office and puts her umbrella on her shoulders and carries it like a milkmaid.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Oh, these pails of milk are so heavy.
(to Max)
You there, well hung stable boy! Won't please help me?

Max gets up and walks over to her. He gives privates a little tug.

MAX
(in low voice)
Why, hello there, my little dairy queen. First, I will take your milk.

Max grabs the umbrella and throws it to the ground.

MAX
And then, I will take your virginity!

Max grabs Hold Me Touch Me. However, she gets way more into it.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Send me to the moon!

MAX
Slow down. I haven’t even had coffee yet.

They move to the sofa and Hold Me Touch Me thrusts herself on top of Max. Leo walks out of the bathroom, hiding behind his coat.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Hold me! Touch Me!

LEO
Oh, my!

Leo rushes back into the bathroom.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Send me to the moon! Send me to the moon, you animal!

Max pushes Hold Me Touch Me off of him.

MAX
Thursday. I will send you to the moon Thursday. I may even join you.

As Hold Me Touch Me calms herself down, Max bring over her umbrella and purse.

MAX
Now, where’s the checkie? Where is it?

Hold Me Touch Me digs into her purse and takes out the cheque.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Here it is. And I made it just like you told me, to the name of the play. "Cash." That’s a funny name for a play, "Cash."

MAX
(taking the cheque)
So is "The Iceman Cometh." So, we’ll meet again Thursday.

Max walks her over to the door. She walks out the door.

MAX
Bye, bye. Good bye. Good bye.

Leo begins to walk out of the bathroom.

MAX
Good bye. Bye. Woof. Woof.

Max shuts the door.

MAX
You dirty old buzzard.

LEO
May I come out of the bathroom now?

Max stuffs the cheque into his pocket.

MAX
Oh, yes.

Max walks over to Leo.

LEO
And might I say I’m really sorry for walking it on you feeling up the old lady.

MAX
"Feeling up the lady." Why, thank you, Mr. Tact. May I take your coat?

LEO
Oh, yes, please.

Max begins to take Leo’s coat off.

MAX
So, you’re an accountant?

LEO
Oh, yes, sir, I am.

Max throws Leo’s coat elsewhere.

MAX
Then, account for yourself! Do you believe in God? Do you believe in gold? What are you doing looking up little old ladies’ dresses? Bit of a pervert, eh? I know what you’re thinking. How dare you condemn me without knowing all the facts!

LEO
Mr. Bialystock, please...

MAX
Shut up! I’m having a rhetorical conversation! Do you know who I used to be?

LEO
Why, yes, you’re Max Bialystock, King of Broadway.

MAX
No, I’m Max Bialy--That’s right. That’s right.

LEO
And might I say, Mr. Bialystock and please don’t take this the wrong way, you’re not just a dirty old man.

MAX
Thank you.

LEO
You’re also a great Broadway producer. Why, when I was a little boy, I had the great privilege to be taken to Bialyhoo’s of ’42.

MAX
Oh, Bialyhoo’s.

LEO
Yes.

Leo takes out his wallet and then out of his wallet, a small ticket stub.

LEO
And I still have the ticket stub.

MAX
Oh, will you look at that?

LEO
Yes. And ever since, I’ve had a secret desire to be a Broadway producer.

MAX
A secret desire, huh? Well, would you like some advice?

LEO
Yes, sir.

MAX
Keep it a secret. Do the books. Do the books. Top drawer to the left.

Leo rushes to the desk and starts to take out the accounting books. Max walks over to his balcony and looks down.

MAX
Oh, my god.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

A tall blond (seen from back only) walks out a white Rolls Royce and walks into Sardi’s.

MAX (O.C.)
Would you look at that?

EXT. MAX’S BALCONY - DAY

MAX
A beautiful tall blond walking out of a white Rolls Royce. That’s it, baby! When you got it, flaunt it! Flaunt it!

INT. MAX’S OFFICE - DAY

Leo, watching Max, calls to him.

LEO
Mr. Bialystock, may I speak to you for a minute?

Max walks over to Leo.

MAX
A minute?

LEO
Yes, a minute.

Max takes out a stop-watch and begins timing.

MAX
Go. You have 59 seconds left!

LEO
You’re timing me?

MAX
Time is money.

LEO
Okay. Mr. Bialystock, I’ve been glancing at your books.

MAX
Hurry, you have 48 seconds left. Quick.

LEO
At your books, you seem to...

MAX
Come on. Come on. 36 seconds left. Tick Tock, Tick Tock.

LEO
Mr. Bialystock, Mr. Bialystock.

Leo takes out a blue blanket and starts rubbing his face in it.

MAX
10, 9, 8, 7, 6...

LEO
I cannot function...

MAX
5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

LEO
I cannot function under these conditions. You’re making me extremely nervous.

MAX
Oh.
(beat)
What is that?

Leo tries to hide his blanket.

LEO
What’s what?

MAX
That.

LEO
Oh, it’s nothing.

MAX
Well, if it’s nothing, why can’t I see it?

Max snatches Leo’s blanket and starts to analyse it. Leo gets up nervously from his seat.

LEO
My blanket, my blue blanket. Give me back my blue blanket.

Leo screams. Max cowers.

LEO
Give it to me, give it to me.

MAX
(giving back blanket)
Okay, here it is. Here it is. Calm down now.

LEO
I’m sorry. I just don’t like people touching my blue blanket. It’s a minor compulsion. I can deal with it if I want to, it’s just I find it very comforting.

Max nods.

LEO
(beat)
I just need to lie down for a moment.

Leo faints down to the ground.

MAX
(looking upwards)
They come here. They all come here. How do they find me?
(looking down at Leo)
Oh, look at this.

Max steps over Leo. Leo screams.

MAX
What?

LEO
You’re going to jump on me.

MAX
What?

LEO
You’re going to jump on me and squash me like a bug.

MAX
I’m not going to jump on you!

Max jumps up and down. Leo gets up and rushes to the side of the office.

MAX
Get a hold of yourself. What’s wrong with you?

LEO
I’m hysterical! I can’t stop when I can’t get this.

Leo continues screaming.

MAX
I can see that.

Max rushes to his desk, pours a cup of water and rushes back to Leo. He splashes the water in his face.

LEO
(beat)
I’m wet! I’m hysterical and I’m wet!

Max slaps Leo across the face.

LEO
I’m in pain. I’m in pain, I’m wet and I’m still hysterical!

MAX
(losing it)
Oh, what do you want me to do? You’re getting me hysterical now.

LEO
Get away from me. You frighten me. Go! Go over there. Hurry!

Max rushes to his desk and sits down.

MAX
This better?

LEO
You still look kind of angry.

Max forces a smile on his face.

MAX
Better now?

Leo begins to smile and moves away from the wall.

LEO
Yeah.

MAX
Now, who’s my little accountant? Who’s my little accountant?

LEO
I am.

MAX
Yes. Yes, you are. Yes, you are.

LEO
I’m him.
(laughing)
Well, thank you for smiling. That helped a great deal.

MAX
Well, you know what they say. Smile and the whole world smiles with you.

Max gets up from his seat and walks over to a nearby stub.

MAX
(to stub)
This man should be in a straight jacket.
(to Leo)
Any better?

LEO
Oh, yes, thank you.
(beat)
Mr. Bialystock, may I speak to you for a moment?

MAX
Yes, what can I do for you, Prince Mishkin?

LEO
This is hardly a time for levity. I've encountered a serious error in the accounts of your last play, 'Funny Boy.'

Leo walks over to the desk and points towards the accounting books.

LEO
According to the backer's list, you raised almost $100,000. But the play only cost $98,000 to produce. You have $2000 un-accounted for.

MAX
So I went to a Turkish bath. Who cares? The show was a flop.

Leo sits down at the desk.

LEO
Yes, but if they find out, you can go to jail.

MAX
Bloom, do me a favour? Move a couple of digits around. You can do it. You're an accountant. You're
(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)
part of a noble profession. Why, the word, count is part of your title.

LEO
That's cheating.

MAX
It's not cheating! It's charity. You see this stick-pin? This used to hold a pearl as big as your eye.

Max walks around to the other side of the desk.

MAX
I used to wear hand made Italian suits.

Max un-ties his belt and shows it to Leo.

MAX
Look at me now! Look at me now! I'm wearing a cardboard belt.

Max rips the belt to shreds. He kneels himself down and holds Leo's hand.

MAX
Leo, Leo, please don't send me to prison.
(crying)
Help me! Help me!

LEO
Okay, okay. I will do it.

MAX
You will do it?

LEO
I will do it. I mean, $2000 isn't that much. I'm sure I can hide it somewhere. After all, the IRS isn't interesting in a show that flopped.

MAX
Yes, good thinking, Bloom. You figure it out. I'm going to take a little nap.

Max lies down on his sofa and closes his eyes.

LEO
Let’s see. Move a little bit here. Carry the one.
(beat)
Hhm. Hhm. It’s amazing. It’s absolutely amazing, but...under the right circumstances, a producer could make more money with a flop than he could with a hit.

Max instantly wakes up.

LEO
Yes, it’s quite possible. If he were certainly a show could fail, a man could a fortune.

Max turns toward Leo.

MAX
Yes?

LEO
Yes, what?

MAX
What you were saying. Keep going.

LEO
What was I saying?

MAX
You were saying that under the right circumstances, a producer could make more money with a flop than he could with a hit.

LEO
Yes, it’s quite possible.

MAX
You keep saying saying that, but you don’t tell me how.

LEO
Well, it’s simply a matter of creative accounting. Let’s assume just for a moment that you are a dishonest man.

MAX
Assume away.

LEO
Well, you did it so yourself only on a much smaller scale. You raised more money than you needed to produce your last play. Now, if you were really a bold criminal, you would have raised a million dollars, put on your $98,000 flop and kept the rest.

MAX
But, what if my show was a hit?

LEO
Well, then you would go to jail. See, instead of a hundred percent, you would have raised more than a thousand percent and with so many backers to go around, you wouldn’t be able to pay them all back. Get it?

MAX
Got it! So in order for our scheme to work, we’d need to find a sure-fire flop.

LEO
Scheme? What scheme?

MAX
What scheme? Your scheme, you bloody little genius.

LEO
Oh, I meant no scheme. I merely posed a simple academic accounting theory. It was just a thought.

MAX
Bloom, worlds have turned on such thoughts. Don’t you see, Bloom, darling Bloom, glorious Bloom? It’s so simple! Step 1: We find the worst play ever written, a sure-fire flop. Step 2: We hire the worst director in town. Step 3: We raise two million dollars!

LEO
Two?

MAX
One for me. One for you. There’s a lot of little old ladies out there. Step 4: We hire the worst actors in New York and open on Broadway. And before you can stay Step 5, we close on Broadway, take our two million and go to Rio.

Leo begins to pack up his things.

LEO
Rio? Nah, that would never work.

MAX
Oh, ye of little faith.

As Leo makes his way towards the exit, Max starts to climb up the desk.

MAX
What did Louis say to Clark when everything looked bleak? What did Sir Edmund say to Tensing as they struggled towards Everest’s peak? What did Washington say to his troops as they crossed the Delaware? I’m sure you’re well aware.

LEO
What did they say?

MAX
We can do it. We can do it. We can do it, me and you.
(jumps off desk)
We can do it. We can do it. We can make our dreams come true.

Max and Leo sit down on the sofa.

MAX
Everything you’ve ever wanted is just waiting to be had. Beautiful girls wearing nothing but pearls. Caressing you, undressing you and driving you mad.

LEO
No!

Leo leaps up from his seat, grabs his coat and rushes out of the door. Max runs after him, grabbing his coat and hat on the way out.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Leo runs out of the building, followed by Max. They rush across the street and Max grabs Leo just outside of Sardi’s.

MAX
We can do it. We can do it. This is not the time to shirk. We can do it. You won’t rue it. Say good bye to petty clerk. Hi producer. Yes, producer. I mean you, sir, go berserk. We can do it. We can do it. ’Cause I know it’s gonna work.
(spoken)
What do you say, Bloom?

LEO
What do I say? Finally a chance to be a Broadway producer. What do I say? Finally a chance to make my dreams come true, sir. What do I say? What do I say? Here’s what I say to you, sir.
(beat)
I can’t do it. I can’t do it. I can’t do it. That’s not me. I’m a loser, I’m a coward. I’m a chicken, don’t you see? When it comes to wooing women, there’s a few things that I lack.

Leo takes a look at a nearby showgirl poster.

LEO
Beautiful girls, wearing nothing but pearls. Caressing me, embracing me. I’d have an attack.

Leo takes out his blanket and calms himself with it.

MAX
Why, you slimy little caterpillar. Don’t you ever want to become a butterfly?

Max snatches the blanket away from Leo, who screams. Max immediately gives it back.

MAX
Don’t you ever want to spread your wings and flap your way to glory?

LEO
No!

Leo runs off and jumps into a taxi.

TAXI DRIVER
Where to?

LEO
Central Park.

INT. TAXI - DAY

LEO
Gotta breath. Gotta breath.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Max runs to the taxi, as it drives off. He enters the taxi.

INT. TAXI - DAY

MAX
We can do it.

LEO
Mr. Bialystock.

MAX
We can do it. We can grab that holy grail.

LEO
Please stop this song. You’ve got me wrong. I’ll say so long. I’m not as strong a person as you think.

MAX
Drink champagne, not ginger ale.

LEO
Mr. Bialystock. Just take a look. I’m not a crook. I’m just a schnook The bottom line is that I stink!

MAX
Come on, Leo. Can’t you see-o?

LEO
You see Rio. I see jail.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

LEO
Driver, stop.

The taxi stops and Leo jumps out, closing the door on Max. He pays the taxi driver.

LEO
Here!

Leo runs down the steps into Central Park. Max runs after him.

MAX
We can do it.

LEO
I can’t do it.

MAX
We can do it.

LEO
I can’t do it. I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot do it. ’Cause I know it’s gonna fail.

Max stops Leo at the giant fountain.

MAX
Come on, Leo. How can it miss? All you need is a little courage. Why, you’re like a fountain.

LEO
I’m like a fountain?

MAX
Yes, you’re a fountain! Just waiting to explode into the sky. Don’t you see there’s a lot more to you than there is to you?
(mouthing)
What the fuck?

LEO
I’m sorry. I’m afraid you’ve made a terrible error in judgment. You’ve mistaken me for someone with a spine. I’m going back to Whitehall and Marks now. Good bye, forever!

Leo runs off.

MAX
No, Leo! Think about it! You’ll never get a cab at this hour!

Max kneels down and looks up into the sky. He puts his hands together in a praying position.

MAX
Oh, Lord, dear Lord.

Max outstretches his arms.

MAX
I want that money!

INT. WHITEHALL AND MARKS

It is a gray room, filled with many perfectly assorted desks. Sitting at every desk (minus one) is an accountant, each one looking rather...

ACCOUNTANTS
Unhappy. Unhappy. Very, very, very, very unhappy. Unhappy. Unhappy. Very, very, very unhappy.

Leo walks into the room. He hangs his coat up on a little hook.

MR. MARKS
Bloom!

Leo turns frightened at MR. MARKS, a rather fat man in his 50’s, staring at Leo in a very angry mood. Leo walks over to his desk, where Mr. Marks stands.

MR. MARKS
What the hell have you been? This is an accounting firm, not a country club. You can’t just come and go as you please.

LEO
Yes, Mr. Marks!

Leo tries to puts a folder in his tray, but Mr. Marks' arm stands in the way.

MR. MARKS
Remember. You are a PA, a public accountant. And I am a CPA, a certified public accountant.

Mr. Marks grabs the folder and smacks it down in the tray. Leo sits down, timidly.

MR. MARKS
A rank a miserable little worm like yourself could never hope to achieve.

The accountants lean forward and stare at the action in front of them.

LEO
Yes, Mr. Marks. Thank you for speaking to me.

MR. MARKS
You're welcome.
(to accountants)
What are you all gawking at? You've never seen another human being humiliated before? Back to work! All of you!

All of the accountants timidly cower in Mr. Marks' rage and return to work.

ACCOUNTANTS
Unhappy. Unhappy. Very, very, very unhappy.

MR. MARKS
(to random accountant)
Boo!

The accountant trembles as Mr. Marks walks off, laughing.

BLACK ACCOUNTANT
Oh, I debits all the mornin'. And I credits all the ebenin'. Until them ledgers be right.

The accountants raise their ledgers high and wave them about.

ACCOUNTANTS
Until them ledgers be right.

The accountants put their ledgers down and get ready to work. Leo opens his notebook and starts doodling.

LEO
I spent my life accounting with figures and such.

ACCOUNTANTS
Unhappy.

LEO
To what is my life amounting. It figures, not much.

ACCOUNTANTS
Unhappy.

LEO
I have a secret desire, hiding deep in my soul. It sets my heart afire to see me in this role.

Leo gets up and brings some of his papers with him.

LEO
I wanna be a producer with a hit show on Broadway. I wanna be a producer, lunch at Sardi’s every day. I wanna be a producer. Sport a top hat and a cane. I wanna be a producer and drive those chorus girls insane.

Leo places a folder inside a file cabinet. Suddenly, the cabinet shakes and a beautiful girl wearing nothing but pearls pops out. Leo watches as more come out. Finally, a not-very-beautiful girl pops out of the final cabinet. They form a chorus line with Leo in the middle.

LEO
I wanna be a producer and sleep until half past two. I wanna be a producer and say you, you, you...
(to not-very-beautiful girl)
Not you.

The girl looks confused.

LEO
I wanna be a producer. Wear a tux on opening nights. I wanna be a producer and see my name Leo Bloom in lights.

The drawers at the back of the room magically turn into steps. Leo walks over and walks up the stairs.

INT. FANTASY STAGE - NIGHT

Leo walks out of the doors and looks behind him, where marquees with his name appear on what looks like a giant theatre. One by one, girls start coming out of each door as the theatre grows and grows. Leo and the girls dance happily ala Fred Astaire. Leo is having the time of his life.

Leo and the girls form a chorus line and walk down a flight of stairs with "LEO BLOOM" printed in big letters on them.

GIRLS
He wants to be a producer. With a great, big Broadway smash. He wants to be a producer, with his pockets stuffed with cash.

Girls throw dollar bills out of Leo’s pockets.

GIRLS
He wants to be a producer. Pinch our cheeks till we go...
(as Leo pinches their behinds)
Ouch! Eek! Ooh! Oh! Ahh! Yes! He wants to be a producer with a great, big casting couch.

LEO
I wanna be...

GIRLS
He wants to be...

LEO
I wanna be...

GIRLS
He wants to be...

LEO
I wanna be the greatest, grandest and most fabulous producer in the world.

GIRLS
He wants to be a producer. He wants to dine with a duchess and a duke.

The girls pour Leo a glass of champagne.

LEO
I just got to be a producer. Drink champagne until I puke.

GIRLS
Drink champagne ’til he pukes.

Leo moves around from girl to girl, dancing along with them.

LEO
I wanna be a producer. Show the world just what I got. I’m gonna put on shows that will enthrall ’em. Read my name in Winchell’s column. I wanna be a producer.

The girls remove Leo’s top hat and scarf and gives him a little push.

INT. WHITEHALL AND MARKS

Leo’s pencil breaks on the marquee drawing in Leo’s notebook. Leo looks disappointedly down at it.

LEO
’Cause it’s everything I’m not.

ACCOUNTANTS
Unhappy. So unhappy. Very, very, very, very, very sad.

LEO
I wanna be a producer.

ACCOUNTANTS
Unhappy. Unhappy.

LEO
I wanna be a producer. Wait a minute. Hold everything! Hold everything! Mr. Bialystock was right. There is a lot more to me than there is to me. Stop the world!
(stands up)
I wanna get on!

The accountants gasp and whisper amongst themselves. Mr. Marks walks into the room, really annoyed.

MR. MARKS
What the hell is going on here? Do I smell the revolting stench of self-esteem?

Mr. Marks walks over to Leo, who is leaving.

MR. MARKS
Bloom! Where do you think you’re going? You already had your toilet break.

LEO
Mr. Marks, I’m not going into the toilet. I’m going into show business! I’ve got news for you. I quit!

Everybody gasps.

LEO
But, you are right about one thing. You are a CPA. A certified public asshole!

ACCOUNTANTS
Hooray!

Leo begins giving Mr. Marks his things.

LEO
Here’s my visor. My Dixon Ticonderoga number two pencil. And my big finish!

Leo stands atop of his desk.

LEO
I wanna be a producer. Show the world just what I’ve got.

The girls pop up from behind him.

GIRLS
He’s gonna be a producer!

LEO
Look out Broadway! ’Cause here I come!

Leo rushes to the door, grabbing his coat and slamming the door shut. Behind the door stands a disgruntled Mr. Marks with a smashed cigarette in his mouth and the not-very-beautiful girl swooning on his shoulder.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Max is still kneeling in front of the fountain. Leo runs over to him.

LEO
Max! Max! I’m back, Max! I’m back!

MAX
(looking up)
Oh, you are good.

LEO
Who are you talking to?

MAX
Never mind. Just an old friend. What happened?

LEO
Oh, just this. Just this. All this time I was worried I’d go to jail, but then I realised I already was in jail! In a cold, gray room, counting other people’s money. People I’m smarter than! Better than! Where’s my share? When’s it going to be Bloom’s Day? Why, I want, I want...

Leo steps up on top of the fountain concrete.

LEO
I want everything I’ve ever seen in the movies!

MAX
And Leo, you’re gonna get it, because...**we can do it. We can do it.**

LEO
I wanna be a producer.

Max steps up into the fountain, too.

MAX
Say good bye to woe and gloom!

LEO
I wanna be a producer.

MAX/LEO
Up together we will zoom.

Max and Leo dance about in the fountain.

MAX/LEO
We can do it. We can do it.

MAX
Every show I touch I doom.

MAX/LEO
We were fated to be mated. We’re Bialystock and Bloom!

At that instance, the fountain lights up and the water shoots up excitedly into the sky.

INT. MAX’S OFFICE - DAY

The office is messier than before, with discarded food thrown throughout and piles of scripts everywhere. Leo sits on a chair reading, while Max lies down on the sofa.

LEO
Max, I give up. We’ve been reading plays all night. Can’t we just stop for a bit?

MAX
No, we’ve got to find the worst play ever written. You wanna be a producer? Read. Read. Keep reading.

Max grabs a play and turns to the first page.

MAX
(reading)
’Act 1. Scene 1. Gregor Samsa awoke one morning to discover he had been transformed into a giant cockroach.’
(beat)
It’s too good.

Max throws the play away and grabs another one.

LEO
(reading)
'And so he could not see for the wall was frosty.'
(beat)
Wait a minute. I think I read this play. Hold on. What's it called?
(reads title)
'The Frosty Wall.'

Leo throws the play and gets up.

LEO
Oh, I've been reading plays I've read all night. Let's face it, Max. We're never gonna find it.

MAX
Never gonna find it, huh? Never gonna find it?

Max drops down from the sofa onto the ground, filled with glee. Leo sits down next to him. He shoves the play in Leo's face.

MAX
See it. Smell it. Touch it. Kiss it.

Leo refuses the last order.

MAX
Kiss it!

Leo does so.

LEO
You found the flop?

MAX
A flop? That's putting it mildly. This is a catastrophe! A disaster, sure to offend every race, creed and religion. A sure to close in one night beauty.

LEO
Well, let me see it.

MAX
(handing Leo the play)
Here.

LEO
(reading)
'Springtime for Hitler: A Gay Romp with Adolf and Eva at Bergesgarten.'
(shocked)
Oh, my god.

MAX
'Oh, my god' is right. It's practically a love letter to Hitler.

LEO
But, Max, this play won't last a week.

MAX
A week? Are you kidding? This play has gotta close...on page four.

Max gets up and walks over to his closet. He begins to get dressed.

MAX
What's the author's name again?

LEO
Franz Liebkind. 51 Jane Street. New York, New York.

MAX
Franz Liebkind. 51 Jane Street.

Max walks over to his desk and digs out a contract. Leo gets up to grab his coat.

MAX
We will get him to sign over the rights to 'Springtime for Hitler', even if we have to go so far as to pay him.

Leo takes a hat out of the coat area.

LEO
Max, I noticed this hat on there and was wondering if...

Max snatches the hat away from Leo.

MAX
No, this is a producer’s hat, son. And you don’t get to wear that hat until...

LEO
I know, I know. Until I produce a show on Broadway, but someday I’m going to wear that hat, because...

MAX/LEO
We’re going to be the producers of a great big Broadway flop.

Max and Leo walk out of the office, shutting the door behind them.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

It is a typical New York rooftop. Standing on top of a box is FRANZ LIEBKIND, 40s, scruffy-looking and wearing a stereotypical German outfit. He speaks in a strong German accent. He smiles as a pigeon lands on his arm.

FRANZ
Oh, how I miss the hills und dales und veils und trails in Old Bavaria. Oh, it’s just a bliss to kiss the Miss I miss like this.
(does kissing motion)
In Old Bavaria.

Franz walks over to a coop filled with perfectly aligned pigeons.

FRANZ
Oh, the meadows und the mountains in the sky.

The pigeons coo happily.

FRANZ
Not to mention hordes of brown shirts passing by. Brings a tear to every single Nazi eye. In old, I’m talking old, Bavaria.

Franz and the pigeons tear up and Franz gives the pigeon he’s holding a kiss.

FRANZ
Ja, ja, mein lieblings.

Franz places the pigeon down on a nearby table. He places a small bag round its neck.

FRANZ
Hilda, you must send this to Ernst Strondorf at West Santiago Boulevard, Buenos Aires, Argentina. AQAP.

Hilda looks confused at Franz.

FRANZ
As quick as possible.

Hilda flies off.

FRANZ
Fly, Hilda. Fly! No, Hilda!
(points leftwards)
Argentina’s that way!

Franz walks over to the other pigeons.

FRANZ
Lunch time, my lieblings...

Max and Leo walk onto the roof. Leo points out a sign on the door: "Keep Out." Max waves it off. They look at Franz, as he feeds his pigeons.

FRANZ
There you go, down into your belly.

MAX
This is just a hunch, but I’m betting this is our man.

LEO
Oh, Max. He’s wearing a German helmet and ledahosen.

MAX
I know, I know. Listen, just ignore it. Look straight ahead. Remember, we need that play.
(steps forward, to Franz)
Franz Liebkind.

Franz puts his back on the pigeon coop, frightened.

FRANZ
I was never a member of the Nazi Party! I was only following orders! I didn’t even know there was a war on! We lived all the way in the back, near Switzerland. All we heard was yodeling.
(sings some yodels, then...)
Okay, who are you?!?

MAX
Don’t worry, Mr. Liebkind. We’re not from the government. We’re producers, Bialystock and Bloom. We’re here to talk to you about your play.

FRANZ
My play?
(steps forward)
You mean, ’Springtime for...’ You know who?

MAX
That’s the one?

FRANZ
What about it?

MAX
We think it’s brilliant, a masterpiece.

LEO
We want to put it on Broadway.

FRANZ
(excited)
Broadway? Oh, joys of joys. Dream of dreams. I can’t believe it. I must tell my birds.

MAX
Go tell your birds.

Franz goes over to his pigeons.

FRANZ
Bertha. Einsthein. Enfulfein. Adolf.

Adolf gives a ’Heil Hitler’ salute. On his wing is a Swazitka armband.

FRANZ
Did you hear the good news? Finally, we get to clear the Fuhrer's name. Ach! Broadway!
(walks over to Max and Leo)
You know, not many people know this, but the Fuhrer was a terrific dancer.

MAX
Really? I had no idea. Did you, Bloom?

LEO
I sure didn't.

FRANZ
That's because you were taken in by the BBC! Filthy British lies! Of course, they never said a bad word about Winston Churchill. Ach! Churchill! With his cigars and his brandy and his rotten paintings. Rotten! Now, Hitler. There was a painter. He could paint an entire apartment in one afternoon. Two coats.

MAX
Yes. Yes. And that is exactly why we want to produce your play. To show the world the true Hitler. The Hitler you loved. The Hitler you knew. The Hitler with a song in his heart.

Leo brings out the contract and hands it to Max.

MAX
So, if you will just sign this contract...

FRANZ
Nein.

MAX
Nein?

FRANZ
No.

MAX
That’s what ’nein’ means. Why not?

FRANZ
You must first prove to me that you are as loyal to our beloved Hitler as I am. By singing the Fuhrer’s favourite tune, ’Der Guten Tag Hop Clop.’

The pigeons coo excitedly. Franz runs over and joins them in their excitement.

LEO
’Der Guten Tag Hop Clop’?

MAX
’Der Guten Tag Hop Clop.’

LEO
But I don’t want to sing the Fuhrer’s favourite...

Max covers Leo’s mouth.

MAX
Delighted. Delighted.

LEO
...song.

MAX
(to Leo)
Shut up. Can’t you see he’s almost ready to sign?

FRANZ
Okay, first you must roll up your pants.

Leo and Max start to rolls up their trousers.

FRANZ
Rolling?

MAX
Rolling.

FRANZ
Rolling?

MAX
Rolling.

FRANZ
Come on. Hurry. Don’t be stingy. Show some leg.

MAX
Done.

FRANZ
Und repeat after me. Okay. Key of E?

MAX
Is there any other?

FRANZ
Wunderbar! Eins, zwei, drei!

Franz begins to dance, clapping in all the correct places as Max and Leo watch.

FRANZ
Guten Tag hop hop. Guten Tag clop clop. Ach du lieber Und oh boy!

Franz walks between Max and Leo.

FRANZ
Guten Tag clap clap. Guten Tag slap slap.
(slaps Leo)
Ach du lieber Vat a joy! Oh, ve essen und fressen. Und tanze und trinken. Tanzen und trinken until ve get stinkin! Everybody!

MAX/LEO/FRANZ
Guten Tag Hop Clop. Guten Tag Hop Clog.

FRANZ
Guten Tag Meine liebe Schatz. So ve hop our hops. Und ve clop our clops Und ve drink our Schnapps ’Til ve plotz!

Franz starts to sway.

FRANZ
You vill svay!

MAX
(doing so)
Ve vill svay!

Leo sways obediently.

FRANZ
Follow me!

MAX
Very good!

Franz walks over to Leo and beams at him, angrily. Leo does a flimsy version of the dance. Franz starts to do a hoe-down style dance with Max and Leo. The pigeons coo happily along.

MAX
It’s sort of like a Nazi hoe-down!

Franz hits Max and Leo in the private areas and stops dancing.

FRANZ
Wunderbar, gentlemen! I like your dancing. You may produce my play.

Leo brings out the contract again.

FRANZ
But first you must say the sacred Segried Oath!

LEO
(putting the contract away)
Oh, what’s that?

FRANZ
It’s to pledge your allegiance to our beloved Fuhrer!

LEO
Never...
(Max hits him)
...said that one before.

Franz brings out a helmet. Max takes out a Nazi arm-band from it.

FRANZ
You must also wear one of these.

LEO
Never...
(Max hits him again)
...wore one of those before. Max, can I talk to you for a moment?

MAX
Yeah, sure.
(to Franz)
Oh, nice colours. Reversible.

FRANZ
Oh, ja.

Leo drags Max to a corner. They both start to put on their arm-bands.

LEO
Max, I think we should stop now. I think we’re getting in way too deep.

MAX
Too deep? This is nothing. I will tell you when we’re getting in too deep.

Max and Leo walk back to Franz.

FRANZ
Okay, first you must put up your left index finger und repeat after me.

Max and Leo raise their index fingers.

FRANZ
I solemnly swear...

MAX/LEO
I solemnly swear...

FRANZ
To obey the sacred Segried Oath.

MAX/LEO
To obey the sacred Segried Oath.

FRANZ
Und...

MAX
(switching to middle finger)
Und!

LEO
(switching to middle finger)
Und!

FRANZ
Never, ever, ever...

MAX/LEO
Never, ever, ever...

Franz turns to Max and Leo, who quickly switch to their index fingers. As Franz turns, Max and Leo return to their middle fingers.

FRANZ
Dishonour the spirit und ze memory of Adolf Elizabeth Hitler.

MAX/LEO
Dishonour the spirit und...Elizabeth?

FRANZ
Ja, that vad his middle name. You know, not many people no zis, but the Fuhrer was descended from a long line of English queens.

A long beat, as Max stares at Franz.

MAX
Is that right?

Franz nods proudly. Max and Leo shrug their shoulders.

MAX/LEO
Adolf Elizabeth Hitler.

FRANZ
Okay, now I sign your contract.

Leo takes out the contract and Franz signs it.

MAX
You won’t regret this, Herr Liebkind.

FRANZ
(giving Nazi salute)
Ja hull!

MAX
All righty, then.

Max and Leo walk away. Franz gives Leo a big slap on the shoulder. Leo goes back to Franz in a near threatening manner.

MAX
(pushing him back)
Let it go. Let it go.

Max and Leo walk back to the door, when suddenly...

FRANZ
Stop!

Max and Leo put up their hands, frightened. Franz walks over to them.

FRANZ
I forgot to tell you something very important. The penalty for breaking the Segried Oath is dess.

MAX
Dess? Is that anything like death?

FRANZ
Yesth.

MAX
Okay, then. Don’t worry. We’ll iron out all the thorny details over strudel.

Max tries to open the door, but is unable to.

MAX
We’re trapped! Trapped!
(opens door)
Oh, there we go. Let’s have lunch.

Max and Leo leave the rooftop. Franz closes the door and smiles widely.

FRANZ
What nice guys. Ach! Broadway! I haven’t been this excited since we crushed Poland.

Franz runs over to his pigeons.

FRANZ
Oh, ve’re winkin’ und blinkin’ und clinken’ und drinken’ Our Schnapps. ’Til ve plotz! Heil you-know-who!

The pigeons all give Nazi salutes, revealing the Swazitkas on their wings.

INT. ROGER’S APARTMENT - DAY

It is an apartment with garish and a rather feminine and over-the-top look. The telephone rings. It is answered by CARMEN GHIA, 40ish, feminine, flamboyant but slightly serious, too.

CARMEN
Hello. The living room of renowned theatrical director Roger De Bris’ elegant upper east-side town house on a sunny Tuesday afternoon in June. Who may I say is speaking?

A beat, then Carmen frowns angrily.

CARMEN
Listen here, you broken down old queen. He was drunk. He was hot. You got lucky. Don’t ever call here again!

Carmen hangs up.

ROGER (O.C.)
Who was it?

CARMEN
Wrong number!

The door bell rings.

CARMEN
Oh!

Carmen walks over to the door, jumping happily on the way there. He opens the door. Max and Leo are standing there.

CARMEN
Yesssssssssssssssssssssssss...ss?

A long beat.

MAX
Yes, I’m Max Bialystock. And this is Leo Bloom. We have an appointment with renowned theatrical director Roger De Bris.

CARMEN
Ah, yes. You are expected. Please, do come in.

Max and Leo walk in to the apartment. Carmen eyes them with his monocle.

CARMEN
May I please take your hats, your coats and your swastikas?

MAX
(laughing, taking them off)
Oh, these? We were just at a rally. Everybody was wearing them.
(angrily, to Leo)
Why didn’t you tell me they were still on?

LEO
Well, you told me to look straight ahead. I--

MAX
(interrupting)
Okay. Let’s not fight. All right?

Max and Leo turn back to Carmen. He claps his hands near his mouth, creating a popping sound.

CARMEN
Walk this way, please.

Carmen walks femininely to the sofa. Max and Leo do the same, imitating Carmen’s movements.

CARMEN
Please, sit down.

Max and Leo sit down. Carmen walks into a nearby room.

CARMEN
Oh, Roger. We’re not alone.

Carmen closes the door, disappearing into the room. Max shifts uncomfortably on the sofa and then pulls out a giant, lip-shaped pillow. He throws it aside. Carmen walks back out.

CARMEN
Here’s Roger!

Out of the room walks ROGER DE BRIS, 40ish, incredibly pleased and constantly happy. He wears a giant, silver dress. Max and Leo stand up and smile.

LEO
Max, he’s wearing a dress.

MAX
No kidding.

ROGER
Ah, Bialystock and Bloom, I presume. Oh, forgive the pun.

LEO
What pun?

MAX
Shut up. He thinks he’s witty.
(to Roger)
Ah, Roger. How are you?

ROGER
Oh, absolutely wonderful. By the way, Carmen and I loved ’Funny Boy.’

CARMEN
Worshiped it.

ROGER/CARMEN
’To be or not to be. You mean a lot to me.’

CARMEN
Show stopper.

MAX
Right.

ROGER
(noticing Leo)
Oh, it appears Mr. Bloom is staring at my dress. You see we’re going to the annual governor’s ball today and there’s a prize for the best costume.

CARMEN
We always win.

ROGER
Oh, I’m not so sure about this year. I’m supposed to be going as the grand duchess, Anastasia.

Roger puts on a tall looking crown on his head.

ROGER
(continued)
But, I think I look more like the Chrysler Building.

CARMEN
Well, without your wig on, I’d say you’re only half dressed.

ROGER
Well, if you’re so concerned about the wig, why don’t you go fetch it? Oh, wicked witch of the west.

CARMEN
(close to tears)
If your intention was to take an arrow and aim it at my heart. Bulls eye!

Carmen runs up the stairs, stops, stares angrily back at Roger and runs to the top, disappearing into a room.

MAX
Oh, don’t worry about it. That building is you. Now, listen. I know I already asked you this over the phone this morning, but did you get a chance yet to read ’Springtime for Hitler’?

ROGER
Read it? I devoured it. And I found it remarkable. Remarkable! It’s just drenched with historical goodies. I, for one, had no idea that the Third Reich meant Germany.

MAX
So, you’ll do it?

ROGER
Do it? Of course not! It’s not my kind of thing. World War II? Too dark. Too depressing.

Carmen walks back into the room, carrying a wig.

ROGER
Oh, the theatre’s so obsessed with dramas so depressed. It’s hard to sell a ticket on Broadway. Shows should be more witty. Shows should be more pretty. Shows should be more, what’s the word?

A beat.

LEO
Gay?

ROGER
Exactly. **No matter what you do on the stage. Keep it light, keep it bright, keep it gay. Whether it’s murder, mayhem or rage, don’t complain, it’s a pain, keep it gay.**

CARMEN
People want laughter when they see a show. The last thing’s they’re after is a litany of woe.

ROGER
A happy ending will pep up your play.

CARMEN
Oedipus won’t bomb, if he winds up with Mom.

ROGER/CARMEN
Keep it gay. Keep it gay. Keep it gay.

Roger and Carmen rub their faces together and smile happily at each other.

MAX
Roger, you have our blessing to make ’Springtime for Hitler’ just as gay as anybody could possibly want.

ROGER
I’m sorry, Max. It’s simply not my cup of tea. Still, fair is fair. Perhaps I should ask my production team what they think.

MAX
Your production team? Who are they?

ROGER
Why, they all live here with me.
(calling out)
Guys, come down and say hello to Bialystock and Bloom!

A man walks down the stairs in a rather provocative costume.

ROGER
This is my set designer, Brian.

BRIAN
Keep it mad. Keep it glad. Keep it gay.

ROGER
And this is my costume designer, Kevin.

Kevin walks down the steps. He is dressed in a garish pink suit.

KEVIN
Keep it happy. Keep it snappy. Keep it gay.

BRIAN/KEVIN
We’re clever, creative. It’s our job to see that everything’s perfect for Mr. De Bris.

ROGER
Next, Scott, my choreographer.

Scott, wearing purple tights and holding the play, appears on the staircase.

SCOTT
Hi there.

Scott dances for a bit, then stands up, revealing a big bulge in his trousers. He sits down with the rest.

ROGER
And last, but not least, our lightning designer, Shirley Markowitz.

Appearing at the staircase is Shirley, dressed in plaid, male clothing. She speaks in a rather low voice.

SHIRLEY
Keep it gay. Keep it gay. Keep it gay.

ROGER
Now, you've all read 'Springtime', fellas. What do you make of it?

BRIAN
It needs glamour...

KEVIN
...and glitz.

SCOTT
It need sequins...

SHIRLEY
...and tits.

Max and Leo stand up, worriedly.

MAX
Hey, Leo. Why don't you go over there and say something nice to Roger? I think he likes you.

LEO
But, Max...

MAX
Come on, kid. It's just show biz.

Leo walks over to Roger, who is standing with Carmen at his side.

LEO
Um...Mr. De Bris? Uh, Roger?

ROGER
Yes, Mr. Bloom? Leo?

LEO
Um, I just would like to say that your dress looks absolutely stunning.

ROGER
Why, thank you.
(sniffs Leo)
My, what is that enchanting cologne you're wearing?

LEO
Me? Oh, I'm not wearing any cologne.

ROGER
You mean that smell is you? Oh, if I could bottle you up, I would put you under my armpits every day.

Leo slowly starts to take out his blue blanket and comforts himself with it. He walks back to Max.

LEO
Max, I think we're getting in too deep.

MAX
(using the blanket, too)
Too deep? This is nothing. I will tell you when we're getting in too deep.

ROGER
So, the rule is when mounting a play, keep it happy, keep it snappy, keep it gay.

Roger walks over to Carmen and the production team.

LEO
I don't think we're getting to them, Max.

MAX
Don't worry. Watch this.

Max turns to Roger, who is now wearing a wig on his head.

MAX
Roger, I think 'Springtime for Hitler' could be a marvelous opportunity for you. After all, up to now, you've always been associated with, dare I say, frivolous musicals.

ROGER
You’re right! I feel as though I’ve been wasting my time on showy entertainment. Dopey show girls in gooey gowns. Going two-three, kick turn, two-three, kick turn. It’s enough to make a man heath. Yet, I’m sorry, Max. I just can’t do ’Springtime for Hitler.’

MAX
Why not? Think of the respect.

ROGER
No.

MAX
Think of the prestige.

ROGER
No, no.

MAX
Think of...the Tony!

Carmen flashes a light over and over again, spinning it around.

CARMEN/PRODUCTION TEAM
Tony, Tony, Tony, Tony, Tony!

Roger starts to fall into a motion sickness movement.

MAX
What’s wrong?

LEO
Is he all right?

CARMEN
Oh, he’s just having a stroke.

MAX/LEO
What?

CARMEN
Of genius!

ROGER
I see it. I see it at least. Finally, a chance to do something important.

CARMEN
Roger De Bris presents history.

ROGER
Yes, it’s a wild idea, but it just might work.

Carmen takes out a notepad and begins to write things down.

ROGER
(continued)
I see a line of beautiful girls, wearing storm trooper outfits, each one a gem. With leather boots and whips on their hips. It’s risque, dare I say, S&M!

CARMEN/PRODUCTION TEAM
Love it!

ROGER
I see German chorus boys charging through France. Each of them wearing very tight pants. But, wait, there’s more. They win the war!

Max does a cheering motion, then stops himself when noticing Leo’s look.

ROGER
Oh, the dances they do will be daring and new.
(does following dance)
Two-three, kick turn. three-two, kick turn. Keep it happy, keep it snappy, keep it...

Roger faints into a nearby chair.

MAX
Brilliant, Roger. Absolutely brilliant. I think I speak for Mr. Bloom and myself, when I say you are the only man in the world who can do justice to ’Springtime for Hitler.’ Will you do it for us, please?

LEO
Please.

ROGER
Oh, this is a very big decision. It could affect the course of my entire life. I will have to think about it.
(beat)
I will do it. I will do it! Sabu, champagne!

Sabu, an Indian, appears at the doorway, with a tray of champagne. A policeman, a sailor and a Cherokee Indian dance down the steps. Everybody starts to dance, excitedly.

ALL
So, if at the end, you want them to cheer, keep it gay, keep it gay, keep it gay. Whether it's Othello, Hamlet or Lear, keep it gay, keep it gay, keep it gay.

CARMEN
Comedy's joyous, a constant delight. Dramas annoy us and ruin our night.

Leo and Max take out the contract and show it to Roger.

ROGER
So, keep your Steinbergs and Ibsens at bay. I will sign...

CARMEN
Sign...

BRIAN
Sign...

KEVIN
Sign...

SCOTT
Sign...

MAX/LEO
Sign.

ROGER
(signing)
'Roger Elizabeth De Bris.'

ALL
Keep it gay!

A beat.

ROGER
Conga!

Everyone forms a conga line.

ALL
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. So, the rule is when mounting a play: keep it gay. Keep it gay. Keep it gay!

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

Max walks into the office, holding two contracts.

MAX
(laughing)
The rights to the worst show ever written and a contract signed by the worst director who ever lived. We're in business!

Leo walks into the office, wearing Roger's crown, a feathered scarf and holding a champagne glass.

LEO
And what a business! In the same day I gave the Segried Oath, I found myself dancing in a conga line with a cop, a sailer and a very friendly Cherokee Indian.

He takes off the crown and scarf and sets the champagne glass down.

MAX
Yes, it's not easy being a Broadway producer. But, together we'll make it.
(shakes Leo's hands)
Partners, Leo. And nothing or no one will tear us apart.

LEO
Nothing or no one, Max.

ULLA, a beautiful tall blond, 30ish, and wearing a big white coat walks into the office. She speaks in a strong Swedish accent.

ULLA
Bialystock and Bloom?

MAX/LEO
Yes?

ULLA
God dag min vannin!

MAX/LEO
What?

ULLA
Oh, sorry. I come from Svedia. Swedish. Costing today?

MAX/LEO
(confused)
Costing? Costing? Oh! Casting!

LEO
Oh, no, miss. We’re not casting today.

Max rushes up to Ulla and walks her down.

MAX
Yes, casting. We just started today.

Ulla walks down near the sofa.

LEO
We’re casting?

MAX
Yes, we’re casting. Listen, Leo. For once, I just want to see somebody on my couch who’s under eighty-five.

Leo and Max walk up to Ulla.

MAX
Now, first of all, what is your name, my dear?

ULLA
My name is Ulla Inga Hansen Bensen Yonsen Tallen-Hallen Svaden-Svanson.

MAX
How about just your first name?

ULLA
That was my first name. Would you like to hear my last name?

MAX
Unfortunately, we don’t have time for that. We’ll just call you Ulla. Okay, Ulla?

ULLA
Okey-dokey. Would you like me to audition now?

LEO
Oh, no. That won’t be nece--

MAX
(interrupting)
Yes, it is nece. Completely nece.
(to Ulla)
Please, make audition. Make audition all over the office.

LEO
What are you going to sing for us?

Max and Leo sit down on the sofa. Ulla puts some sheet music on the piano.

ULLA
Well, yesterday, when I was walking out of my big white Rolls Royce, a crazy man yelled at me from a window and that inspired me to write this song.

Ulla presses a key on the piano and starts to sing.

ULLA
When you got it, flaunt it. Step right up and strut your stuff. People tell me modesty’s a wirtue, but in the theatre, modesty can hurt you. When you got, show it.

Ulla takes off her coat, revealing a white dress underneath.

ULLA
(continued)
Show your assets, let them you’re proud. Your goodies, you must push.
(MORE)

ULLA (cont'd)
Stick out your chest, shake your tush. When you got it, shout it out loud. Now Ulla dance.

Ulla dances, wiggling her buttocks. Max and Leo are completely awed by the sight of this.

ULLA
When you got it, show it. Put your hidden treasures on display. Violinists love to play an E-string. But audiences really love a G-string. When you got it, shout it. Let the world hear what you're about. Clothes may make a man. All a girl needs is a tan. When you got it, let it hang out. Remember when Ulla dance?

MAX/LEO
Yeah!

ULLA
Ulla dance again!

Ulla dances, shaking her body even more widely than before.

MAX
(giddy)
Ulla dance again. Ulla dance again.

Ulla dances around the sofa, wrapping her scarf around Leo and then sitting up on the arm of the sofa.

ULLA
When I was just a little girl in Sweden, my thoughtful mother gave me this advice. When nature blesses you from top to bottom. Show that top to bottom, don't think twice.

Ulla rushes up to the desk and sits on it.

ULLA
Now Ulla belt! **Don't think twice!**

Max and Leo run excitedly towards Ulla.

ULLA
When you got it, share it! Let the public feast upon your charms. People say that being prim is
(MORE)

ULLA (cont'd)
proper. But every show girl knows that prim will stop her. If you got it, give it. Don't be selfish. Give it all away.

Ulla jumps down to the ground and does the splits.

ULLA
Don't be shy. Be bold and cute. Show the boys your birthday suit. When you got it...

Ulla chases Leo and Max around the office and jumps atop of the sofa. Leo and Max sit cheering quietly for her.

ULLA
If you got it. Once you got it, shout out hooray!

Ulla sits down at the side of the sofa and looks tired at Max and Leo.

ULLA
Okey-dokey. You like it?

MAX
My dear, even though, we're sitting down, we're giving you a standing ovation.

Max and Leo cross their legs, embarrassingly.

MAX
(beat)
She's in the show!

Ulla screams happily.

LEO
Oh, Max. We don't even know if there's a part for her in the show.

MAX
(laughing)
Excuse me, my darling.

Max drags up Leo from the sofa and walk him away for a private conversation.

MAX
Nonsense, Bloom. Leo, haven't I taught you anything? There is
(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)
always a part in the show for the producer's girlfriend.

LEO
But, Max. We don't even know if there's a part for her in the show.

MAX
So what? So what? In the meantime, she can work for us here. Because we...

Ulla walks past. Max gives her a little wave, then looks back at Leo.

MAX
We need, nay, deserve to have a beautiful Swedish secretary-slash-receptionist.

LEO
But, Max, a secretary who doesn't speak English? What will people say?

MAX
Why, they'd say "Oh, wow, we, wow, we, wow." Come on, Leo. Please, offer her the job.

Max and Leo walk over to Ulla.

LEO
Ulla, I think we may have a position for you.

MAX
As a matter of fact, we may have several positions for you.

LEO
How would you like to work for us as a secretary-slash-receptionist?

ULLA
Okey-slash-dokey. Ulla know what to do. Ulla walk up to desk, answer telephone.

Ulla walks over to the desk and answers the telephone.

ULLA
Bialystock and Bloom. Bialystock and Bloom.

MAX
Smart as a whip.

Max and Leo walk up to Ulla.

LEO
Well, you got the job.

Ulla screams excitedly and gives Leo a big hug. She then gives Max a big hug, although he takes longer, stealing some glances at Ulla’s breasts.

LEO
Yes, a secretary-slash-receptionist. And maybe you can tidy up a little bit as well.

ULLA
Tidyup? Such a funny word. What means this ’tidyup’?

LEO
Oh, you know, clean up.

MAX
Make look nice.

ULLA
Oh, Ulla know how to tidyup.

LEO
Great. So, what time can you be here in the morning?

ULLA
Well, Ulla wake up every morning at five AM. From five to seven, Ulla exercise. From seven to eight, Ulla take long shower. From eight to nine, Ulla eat big Swedish breakfast. Many different herrings. From nine to eleven, Ulla practice her singing and her dancing. And at eleven, Ulla like to have sex. So, what time should Ulla get here?

A beat.

MAX/LEO
Eleven.

ULLA
Good. Ulla come at eleven.

Ulla grabs her coat and rushes to the door.

MAX
’Ulla come at eleven.’

ULLA
God dag min vannin!

MAX/LEO
(bowing, slurring words)
God dag min vannin!

ULLA
God dag min vannin!

MAX/LEO
God dag min vannin!

ULLA
God bless America!

Ulla leaves the office. Leo closes the door behind her.

MAX
God bless Sweden!

LEO
Oh, Max. She’s incredible. I’ve never felt this way before. I feel like a volcano of hot lava is rising higher and higher. Oh, Max. What is that feeling called?

MAX
It’s called an erection. Or malaria. But, don’t worry, kid. There’s a shot for everything these days.

Max opens his safe. It is empty inside.

MAX
Now, tell me. What do you see?

LEO
Nothing.

MAX
Exactly. Nothing. But soon, that safe will be filled with two million dollars to put on our sure-fire flop.

LEO
Great. How much do we put in?

Max gasps for air and falls to the ground, behind the sofa. He gets up, his head rather messy. He combs his hair and walks over to Leo.

MAX
How much do we put in? How much do we put in? Leo, there are two cardinal rules to being a Broadway producer. Number 1: Never put your own money in the show.

LEO
And Number 2?

MAX
NEVER PUT YOUR OWN MONEY IN THE SHOW! Get it?

LEO
Got it.

MAX
Good.

LEO
So, how do we raise the money?

MAX
How? I'll tell you how.

Max opens his cupboard.

MAX
(continued)
From my investors. Hundreds of little old ladies, stopping off at Max Bialystock's door for one last thrill on their way to the cemetery.

Max walks Leo up to the door.

MAX
(continued)
Now, for the next couple of days, you will be seeing very little of me, and I will be seeing very little of you, for Max Bialystock is launching himself into Little Old Lady Land.

Max closes the door as Leo exits. Max dances to the other end of the office.

MAX
The time has come to become a lover from the Argentine. To brim my hair down with brilliantine and gargle heavily on...lis-te-rine.

Max takes a drink of the Listerine.

MAX
Wow! **It’s time for Max to put his backers on their backs and thrill them with amazing acts. Those aging nymphomaniacs.**

Max does a Tarzan yell and walks into his closet. He comes out again, more fashionably clothed and does another Tarzan yell.

MAX
They were helpless. They were hopeless. Then along came Bialy. They were joyless. They were boyless. Then along came Bialy. They’re my angels, I’m their devil and I keep those embers aglow. When I woos them, I can’t lose them. Because I cast my spell and then start yelling ’Fire down below!’ They were listing. They were sinking and their prayers were heard from above.
(throws hat up into the air)
Heaven sent them their Bialy. I’m their celebration of love.

Max catches his hat and walks out of his office.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Max presses a variety of buttons on an apartment resident’s list.

LITTLE OLD LADIES (V.O.)
Who is it? Who is it?

Max presses some more buttons.

MAX
It’s Max Bialystock!

A large line of little old ladies with walkers walk out of the apartments, excitedly. Max greets the first ones out with air kisses. They follow him as he walks down the street, picking up a flower and smelling it on the way to greeting the next line of old ladies. They cross the street, cars breaking as the ladies walk in front of them.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Max walks down Central Park, the little old ladies in tow. Suddenly, the old ladies begin tap dancing, albeit with their walkers.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY (CUT-AWAY)

Max and Lick Me Bite Me stand near a hot dog stand.

MAX
Well, my dear. What would you like? A hot dog, a hamburger or a cheeseburger?

LICK ME BITE ME
Oh, Bialy. You know what I like.

MAX
(paying the vendor)
She’ll have the foot long.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The old ladies tap-dance some more with their walkers.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY (CUT-AWAY)

Max sits on a park bench with Hold Me Touch Me.

MAX
Now, my dear, did you bring the checkie?

Hold Me Touch Me takes out a cheque from her purse, but takes it out of Max’s grasp.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
But, first let’s play one dirty, naughty game.

MAX
Here in broad daylight? All right, what do you want to play?

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
How about the Hairless Chihuahua and the well hung Great Dane?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The ladies sit on the walkers and cross their legs in one big swoop. They outstretch their legs.

LITTLE OLD LADIES
Max!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY (CUT-AWAY)

Max sits with Kiss Me Feel Me on a different park bench, eating ice cream cones. A policeman slowly begins to walk past. Kiss Me Feel Me is also holding a hearing aid.

MAX
I love you.

KISS ME FEEL ME
What?

MAX
I love you.

KISS ME FEEL ME
What?!?

MAX
(into hearing aid)
I LOVE YOU!

Kiss Me Feel Me falls off the bench. The policeman looks at them as Max begins to help her up.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The ladies do a can-can style dance, screaming excitedly. Max is dragged by some other ladies to the back of a line which is opened up by the walkers. He rushes through the "aisle" to the front.

MAX
Fire down below!

Max begins to dance with the ladies, who start giving him cheques.

LITTLE OLD LADIES
We were listing. We were sinking. Then along came Bialy. We were desperate. We were drinking. Then along came Bialy.

MAX
Who’s your Daddy?

LITTLE OLD LADIES
So romantic! We were frantic! Then our prayers were heard up above! It’s Bialy! Our Bialy! He’s the culmination, the restoration, the consummation, the titillation! Ejaculation!

Kiss Me Feel Me flashes Max her under-garment.

MAX
Oy!

LITTLE OLD LADIES
He’s the celebration of love!

Max starts grabbing the cheques from the little old ladies, who fall down like dominoes.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

Max takes some more cheques from the falling ladies.

EXT. LINCOLN CENTRE - DAY

Max takes some more cheques from the falling ladies.

EXT. SHUBERT THEATRE - NIGHT

Max continues to take some more cheques from the falling ladies. He grabs another one from a nearby woman.

MAX
Thank you!

He reaches Hold Me Touch Me, who is gripped on the cheque. After a bit of force, Max grabs the cheque and laughs. Leo exits the theatre, where the finishing touches are being given to the marquee.

MAX
Bloom!

LEO
What, Max? What?

MAX
I’ve done it! I’ve raised all the money. Now, all we gotta do is put on the biggest flop in history.

LEO
That’s great!

Max and Leo look up and watch the carpenter puts the final letter on the marquee. The sign is lit up. It reads "Coming soon. Bialystock and Bloom Present a Neo-Nazi Musical. Springtime For Hitler."

MAX/LEO
We can’t miss!

INT. MAX’S OFFICE - DAY

The office is completely white from head to toe. Ulla paints one final gray patch on the wall. Max and Leo walk into the office.

MAX
So, all we need to send the payments...Oh, sorry. Wrong office.

Max and Leo walk out of the office.

ULLA
Bialystock and Bloom! Max! Leo!

Max and Leo walk back into the office, dumbfounded.

MAX
Ulla, what happened to the office?

ULLA
Like you say, I ’tidyup.’

MAX
Tideyup? Tidyup? Ulla, when did you get the time to do all this?

ULLA
(smiling proudly)
I skipped lunch.

MAX
Of course, she did.

Max walks over to the safe, also completely painted white.

MAX
(groaning)
She painted all over the numbers.

Max starts to turn the dial. Ulla smiles at Leo.

ULLA
God dog min vannen.

LEO
Oh, god dog min vannen, uh, vannen.

Max finally opens the safe. He looks lovingly into the safe.

MAX
Hello, boys.
(starts to take a bit of money out)
You have no idea how hard I worked to get you.

ULLA
Ulla knows. You schtuped every little old lady in New York.

MAX
That’s right. That’s right. And I got the denture bites to prove it.

Max walks out of the office. Leo looks over the contracts.

LEO
(to himself)
Work, work, work. Work, work, work.

Ulla leans in close to Leo.

ULLA
Hello. Ve are alone.

LEO
Yes, ve are.

Leo walks away from Ulla.

ULLA
Why Bloom go so far camera right? Bloom no like Ulla.
(walks over to Leo)
Ulla like Bloom.

LEO
Oh, no. Bloom like Ulla very much. Maybe a little too much.

ULLA
(stepping even closer to Leo)
Good! Ulla like Bloom.

LEO
You’re a little bit too close.

Ulla walks away, dejected.

LEO
The urge to merge can rob us of our senses. The need to breed can make a man a drone. We must be on alert with our defenses. For every skirt will test testosterone. So knowing this I severed all connection to any creature sporting silk or lace. I was firmly headed in the right direction. When, suddenly, I stumbled on that face.

Leo walks back to his desk.

LEO
That face. That face. That dangerous face. I mustn’t be unwise. Those lips, that nose, that chin will surely do me in.

Ulla leans in for a kiss, but Leo turns away, leaping over his desk.

LEO
I must be smart and hide my heart if she’s within a mile. If I don’t duck, I’m out of luck. She’d kill me with her smile.

Leo turns to Ulla standing on a ladder. She smiles back at him, with perfectly clean teeth, glimmering in the sunlight. Ulla stands up on top of the desk to paint the telephone.

LEO
That face, that face. That fabulous face. It’s clear I must beware. I’m certain if I fall in love. I’m lost without a trace. But it’s worth it... For that face.

ULLA
Oh, Bloom help Ulla down.

LEO
Yes, Bloom help Ulla down.

Leo picks up Ulla and places her down on the ground. Ulla starts dancing towards Leo, who dances back. After a while, they begin dancing happily. Dancing around the office, Leo sweeps Ulla over the desk, causing the contract papers to fall on the ground. Ulla rushes over to the sofa and sits down. Leo follows her, landing face-down on it.

Ulla jumps behind the couch, bringing Leo down with her. The sofa begins shaking wildly, pillows shaking wildly. Ulla leaps atop the sofa and goes back down again. Leo does the same. So does his blue blanket. A little old lady pops up as well. Leo and Ulla looks up confused then disappear behind the sofa again. After more moving from the sofa, Ulla and Leo get up from behind, slightly more tired.

ULLA
That face. That face. That beautiful face. It melts my Swedish heart.

LEO
I’m certain if I fall in love, I’m lost with out a trace. But it’s worth it for that face.

Leo and Ulla walk over to the desk and kiss passionately. As they do so, Leo takes the blue blanket out of his pocket and drops it into the waste paper bin as the final note of their song plays.

Max walks into the office and Leo and Ulla un-lock lips. They turn back to Max. Ulla rushes back to her ladder.

MAX
(walking over to Leo)
Well, we’re all set for the Schubert’s. Leo, why are all the papers on the floor?

Leo starts to pick the spilled papers up again.

MAX
Remember, we have to make two books. One for the backers, one for...

LEO
(giddy)
...us. Yes, Max.

MAX
What’s wrong? Are you alright? You look...happy.

Max walks over to the telephone and picks it up. He looks at Ulla’s bottom as it stares at his face.

MAX
I will call you back.
(hangs up)
That face. That face. That wonderful face. This girl is truly blessed.

Ulla turns, showing her legs in all their glory.

MAX
Oh, wow, we, woah, wow. **If she undressed, it’s cardiac arrest.**

Ulla rushes over to the desk.

ULLA
Oh, no. You’re late.

MAX
Late? Late for what?

ULLA
Auditions.

MAX/LEO
Aah, auditions.

LEO
That face.

MAX
Those face.

MAX/LEO
That beautiful face could really do some harm.

Ulla walks over to the closet and grabs her coat.

MAX/LEO
But it’s worth it for that...

ULLA
Come on, naughty boys. You were late this morning. I was waiting for you ever since eleven.

MAX/LEO
(excitedly)
Eleven. **Face.**

Ulla, Leo and Max connect their arms and rush out of the office. Max closes the door behind them.

EXT. STAGE DOOR - DAY

Handymen walk about. A sign next to the stage reads "Auditions for ’Springtime for Hitler.’ (No experience necessary).

CARMEN (V.O.)
And again!

INT. SCHUBERT THEATRE - DAY

The stage is bare. Roger and his production team stand on the sidelines, while Carmen choreographs the auditioning actors, all of whom have Hitler mustaches other their noses. A woman plays a piano at the side. Max, Leo, Ulla and Franz sit at a table off-stage, watching the action.

CARMEN
Goose-step, goose-step, kick turn and kick. And again!

ROGER
Bedlam! Bedlam! Bedlam! This is bedlam!

Roger and Carmen face each other annoyed, shouting at each other. Carmen starting clapping loudly. Doesn’t work.

CARMEN
SHUT UP!

Everything falls silent.

ROGER
Could all the Hitlers please wait at the wing? Thank you!

The actors follow Roger’s orders.

ROGER
(to Carmen)
Send in a singing Hitler.

Roger and Carmen walk to the sidelines. Roger picks up a stack of cards and looks at the first one.

CARMEN
(calls out)
Jacques LePeti!
(beat)
Jacques LePeti!

Roger looks at the card and then whispers into Carmen’s ear. He quickly frowns.

CARMEN
Jack LePeetis!

Jack walks into the room. He is a pudgy young man.

ROGER
Hello, Jack. And what would you like to sing for you?

JACK
I would like to sing "A Wondering Minstrel, I."

ROGER
Very well.

The piano begins to play the song. Jack squeals repeatedly as he begins.

JACK
A wondering minstrel, I. A thing of shreds and...

Jack bows down.

ROGER
Next! Thank you!

JACK
Patches!

Jack stands back up straight, his wig flying off his head. He embarrassingly puts his wig back down. He walks off the stage.

CARMEN
Donald Dinsmore!

A rather geeky looking fellow walks onto the stage. He wears a large looking glasses and walks like a crab.

ROGER
Hi there.

DONALD
(saluting)
Heil?

ROGER
Yes, Heil. What are you going to sing for us, Donald?

DONALD
I would like to sing "The Little Wooden Boy."

ROGER
Very well.

Roger backs up to give Donald some room. The piano start playing and Donald start dancing a puppetry-style dance. After a couple of seconds...

ROGER
Next! Thank you!

Donald exits the stage, in the same crab-like form that he entered.

CARMEN
Jason Green!

Jason, wearing a German helmet and uniform walks onto the stage. He speaks in a slight German accent.

ROGER
Hello Jason. And what have you done?

JASON
For the last six months, I have been touring with the East End Theatre Company, performing the play "No, no, Nietzsche."

ROGER
Oh, you played Nietzsche.

JASON
No, no.

ROGER
(annoyed)
What are you going to sing for us?

JASON
Have you ever heard the German band?

ROGER
No, I haven’t.

JASON
That is the name of the song I am going to sing.

ROGER
(even more annoying)
Oh.

Roger walks back over to Carmen.

JASON
You will play it.

The woman starts to slowly play the song.

JASON
(continued)
Speed it up.

The woman starts to play slightly quicker now. Franz sighs excitedly.

JASON
Haben sie gehort das Deutsche Band. Mit a Bang. Mit a boom.. Mit a bing-bang bing-bang...
(much higher pitched)
....boom!

Horrified, Franz leaps up and walks angrily to the stage.

FRANZ
Stop! Stop! Stop!

The song stops playing.

FRANZ
This man cannot play Hitler. Hitler was not a mousy little mama’s boy. The Fuhrer was butch! And that is not how you sing "Haben Sie Gehort Das Deutsche Band." This is how you sing "Haben Sie Gehort Das Deutsche Band."

Franz walks to the back of the stage.

FRANZ
B-flat, 2/2 time , With accents on the bridge!

Franz turns around and when the spotlight switches on, he turns quickly faces the watching crowd. He starts to sing and dance.

FRANZ
Haben sie gehort das Deutsche Band. Mit a bang. Mit a boom. Mit a bing-bang bing-bang boom. Aaah, haben sie gehort das Deutsche Band. Mit a bang. Mit a boom. Mit a
(MORE)

FRANZ (cont'd)
bing-bang bing-bang boom Russian folksongs und French oo-la-la just can't compare with a German oom-pah-pah!

Franz goes over to Roger and Carmen and points happily at them.

FRANZ
Ve're sayin'... Haben sie gehort das Deutsche Band Mit a zetz, mit a zap, mit a zing...
(turning angrily to crew members)
Polish polkas, they're stupid und they're rotten. It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that Schweigen-reigen-schone-schutzen-schmutzen sauerbraten!

Franz pauses for a second and does a Nazi salute.

FRANZ
Key change!

The piano player stands up and gives a Nazi salute back. The keys change as asked, becoming even quicker. Franz gets into his big finale.

FRANZ
Ve're sayin'... Haben sie gehort das Deutsche Band. Mit a zetz, mit a zap, mit a zing... It's ze only kind of musik zat ve huns und our honeys love to sing!

Max stands up immediately, excitedly.

MAX
That's our Hitler!

Franz stops like a deer in the headlines at the announcement.

EXT. SCHUBERT THEATRE - NIGHT

Guests in fancy clothes talk amongst themselves as a ticket-taker rips tickets. The carpenter practices his "Opening Night" sign on the marquee. Leo walks out of the theatre, holding a producer's hat in his hands. The two usherettes walk excitedly up to him.

USHERETTES
Oh, Mr. Bloom. Mr. Bloom. You look so handsome.

LEO
Why, thank you.

Leo starts to put the hat on his head, when...

MAX
Leo!

Leo turns and sees Max coming out of the stage door.

MAX
What are you doing with that hat?

LEO
Well, I thought that...

MAX
Has the curtain gone up yet?

LEO
No.

MAX
Has the curtain gone down yet?

LEO
No.

MAX
Then, you’re not a Broadway producer. Now, give me that hat.

Leo reluctantly gives Max the hat back. Ulla walks over to Leo.

ULLA
Oh, hello Leo. Your tie is all askew.

LEO
Oh, askew?

Ulla fixes Leo’s bow-tie and they start kissing passionately. Max looks at them, slightly upset.

LEO
Well, roll them in the aisles.

ULLA
Okey-dokey. I will try to. But, there’s just so many of them.

Ulla walks over to the stage door, stopping for a second to pay a beggar woman.

MAX
Hey, I thought we were splitting everything fifty-fifty and now I see you’re both askewing each other.

LEO
Oh, askewing, never, Max. Hugs and kiss, yes, but that’s as far as I go.

There is screaming as a motorcycle pulls into the theatre area. An anonymous driver steers it, while Franz sits in the side car. He walks out.

FRANZ
Gunther, you will meet me here after the show at 2200 hours.

GUNTHER
(saluting)
Ja Hull, mein Heir!

Gunther drives off. Roger and Carmen arrive at the meeting spot.

ROGER
Oh, this is so exciting. Will they love us? Will they have us?

CARMEN
I feel like I’m going into labour.

Carmen does a poor impression of a woman giving labour and they walk over to Max, Leo and Franz laughing.

ROGER
Well, gentlemen. Merde.

CARMEN
Toi, toi, toi.

FRANZ
Hals und Beinbruch!

LEO
And I just want to wish everybody good luck.

Everybody gasps.

CARMEN
Bite your tongue!

LEO
What? All I said was ’good luck.’

CARMEN
He said it again!

ROGER
Jordan, hasn’t anybody ever told you?

Suddenly, the tune to "It’s Bad to Say Good Luck on Opening Night" by Mel Brooks begins to play.

MALCOLM
Mr. Bloom, hasn’t anybody ever told you? **It’s bad luck to say "good luck" on opening night. If you do, I tell you. It is certain by the curtain you are through!**

MAX
(to a passerby)
Good luck!

CARMEN
It’s bad luck to say "good luck" on opening night... Once it’s said, you are dead. You will get the worst reviews you’ve ever read!

MAX
Good luck!

ROOGER
Even at the Comedie-Francaise, On the opening night they are scared. "Bon chance, mes amis", no one says The only word you ever hear is...

FRANZ/ROGER/CARMEN
Merde!

MAX
Good luck, good luck, good luck!

FRANZ
It’s verboten, wishing "luck" on opening night. Take advice, don’t think twice. Or your show will surely end up in the Scheiss!

CARMEN
At the famous La Scala in Milan. On opening night it’s a rule "In boccu lupa" they say with elan. And just for luck they all shout...

FRANZ/ROGER/CARMEN
Bah fongool!

LEO
I got it! Now I’ll never say "good luck" on opening night. That’s the rule, I’m no fool! What do I say, I beg?

FRANZ/ROGER/CARMEN
What you say is "break a leg."

JORDAN
Break a leg?

FRANZ/ROGER/CARMEN
Yes, break a leg.

ALL (INCLUDING JORDAN)
If you’re clever...

A man walks under a ladder near the stage door.

MAX
(kicking the man’s mirror)
Good luck!

ALL
You’ll endeavor. To never, never, never, never, ever, ever, ever say...

Max throws a cat through the stage door, which screeches loudly.

ALL
On opening night!

TICKET TAKER
Five minutes to curtain time!
Places ready!

FRANZ
Oh, no! I’m late!

Franz rushes over to the stage door.

ALL
Break a leg!

As they laugh, screaming is heard as well as the sound of Franz tripping and falling. Max walks over to the stage door.

MAX
What happened?

FRANZ
I broke my leg.

Max presses his heart and he walks back over to the gang.

ROGER
Oh, no! Now, we’ll have to cancel the show and give everybody their money back.

MAX
(gasping)
"Money back?" "Money back?" Don’t ever say that again. "Money back?"

LEO
What are we going to do? Franz plays Hitler, Max, and he has no understudy.

MAX
Gotta think, gotta think.

Roger places his comb under his nose in a thoughtful manner. Max notices and grabs Roger.

MAX
Roger, you play Hitler.

ROGER
Me? No! I couldn’t possibly!

MAX
Come on, you’re the only one who knows all the lines. I’ve seen you at rehearsal, moving your lips around...
(as Roger mouths his words)
...with the other actors.

Max points excitedly at Roger’s mouth.

ROGER
Oh, it’s a terrible habit. I’m trying to break it. But, me play Hitler? No! I don’t have the strength! I don’t have the courage! I can’t do it! I can’t do it! I can’t do it!

Carmen rushes over and slaps him on the face.

ROGER
(continued)
Wow, that hurt!

CARMEN
Listen, I’ve seen you pass these opportunities time and time again, but I’m not going to let you do it this time. You’re going in there, a crazy screaming queen and you’re going out there a great, big, passing for straight, Broadway star!

ROGER
All right! I’ll do it! I’ll do it!
(rushes to stage door)
Get me into Franz’s Hitler costume. Oh and my lucky Gloria Swanson mole.

Carmen removes the fake mole from his face.

CARMEN
Got it!

Carmen and Roger rush into the stage door. The ’Springtime for Hitler’ overture begins to play.

MAX
Come on, Leo. The overture’s starting.

Leo and Max run excitedly into the theatre.

INT. SCHUBERT THEATRE - NIGHT

The theatre is packed. Leo and Max stand at the back of the theatre, near the doors.

LEO
Well, Max. This is it!

MAX
Good luck, Leo.

LEO
Good luck, Max.

Max and Leo shake hands, as the overture finishes, the curtain goes up and the play begins. Standing on the stage in front of a stereotypical Bavarian curtain are a group of chorus boys and girls in Scandinavian outfits.

BAVARIAN SINGERS
Germany was having trouble. What a sad, sad story. Needed a new leader to restore its former glory. Where, oh, where was he?
(they pretend to search)
Where could that man be? We looked around and then we found the man for you and me.

The curtain goes up and on the stage appear bunkers and a large eagle doorway. In the middle of the stage is a Aryan, blue eyed, blond-haired man in Nazi storm trooper uniform. The Bavarian singers dance off the stage.

LEAD STORM TROOPER
And now it’s Springtime for Hitler and Germany. Deutschland is happy and gay. We’re marching to a faster pace. Look out! Here comes the master race.

From inside the eagle formation come girls dressed in decorative costumes. One has sausages, another pretzels, another beer mugs. The audience all appear shocked with mouths wide open.

LEAD STORM TROOPER
Springtime for Hitler and Germany. Rhineland’s a fine land once more. Springtime for Hitler and Germany. Watch out Europe, we’re going on tour.

Ulla walks on stage, dressed as an eagle.

LEAD STORM TROOPER
Springtime for Hitler and Germany.

CHORUS
Yes, it’s Springtime!

LEAD STORM TROOPER
Winter for Poland and France.
Springtime for Hitler and Germany.
Come on, Germans, go into your dance.

The storm trooper tap dancers begin to dance wildly around the stage. They stop at one dancer.

STORM TROOPER "ROLF"
I was born in Düsseldorf and that is why they call me Rolf.

Another set of tap dances.

STORM TROOPER "MEL"
Don’t be stupid. Be a smart-y, come and join the Nazi Party.

The stormtroopers start to tap dance, shaping their arms and legs like swastikas when doing so. A horrified couple in the audience gets up and walks towards the exit doors.

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER
Well, talk about bad taste.

Max and Leo, hiding behind their programs, smile at each other.

MAX
Come on, let’s get out of here before they kill us.

Max and Leo exit the theatre as the storm troopers finish up their tap dance. Ulla walks down the steps on the stage.

ULLA
The Fuhrer is coming! The Fuhrer is coming! The Fuhrer is coming!

LEAD STORM TROOPER
Heil Hitler!

STORM TROOPER "ROLF"
Heil Hitler!

STORM TROOPER "MEL"
Heil Hitler!

The audience begins to get up, offended as Roger rises up from a platform and in the middle of the eagle formation. He is dressed as Hitler, with mustache and Nazi salute.

STORM TROOPERS
Springtime for Hitler and Germany.

Roger stands in the eagle. The audiences head towards the exit.

STORM TROOPERS
Heil Hitler!

Roger drops his serious expression and salute and looks gaily at the audience with his hands in the most girlish manner. The audience laughs and begin to sit back down in their seats. Roger moves down the steps, singing and dancing in his usual manner, being more like Judy Garland rather than Adolf Hitler.

ROGER
Heil myself. Heil to me. I’m the kraut whose out to change our history. Heil myself. Raise your hand. There’s no greater dictator in the land. Everything I do, I do for you.

STORM TROOPERS
Yes, you do!

ROGER
If you’re looking for a war, here’s World War II. Heil myself. Raise your beer. Every hotsy-totsy Nazi stand and cheer.

STORM TROOPERS
Hooray! Every hotsy-totsy Nazi!

ROGER
Heil myself!

STORM TROOPERS
Every hotsy-totsy Nazi!

ROGER
Heil myself!

ROGER/STORM TROOPERS
Every hotsy-totsy Nazi stand and cheer!

STORM TROOPERS
Yes, he’s our Fuhrer!

ROGER
Heil there, hi there, howdy! Heil myself!

Roger and the storm troopers stop dancing, smiling at the audience, arms out-stretched. The audiences applauds wildly.

INT. ASTOR’S BAR - NIGHT

The bar is empty, except for a couple of people. The bartenders clean glasses, while Max and Leo sit at the main bar. In a table to the side sits a poor drunk. Max and Leo laugh, clinking drinks.

MAX
Here’s to the one and only performance of "Springtime for Hitler." May it rest in peace.

LEO
Just think. Yesterday, I was just a meaningless, little accountant and now I’m the producer of a Broadway flop!

MAX
Here’s to failure.

LEO
To failure, Max.

DRUNK
Oh, thank you. You’ve very kind.

The bartender shakes an ice-shaker, creating an almost exotic rhythm.

MAX
Rio.

MAX/LEO
We’ve got to go to Rio. Rio, that place in the sun.

MAX
Rio, oh, that place so divine.

MAX/LEO
Rio, that city by the sea-o. We've got to go to Rio...

The drunk gets up and walks over to Max and Leo.

MAX/LEO
That place that's...

DRUNK
Yours and mine.

MAX
Check, please.

The bartender puts a check on the bar and Max drops some money down. He looks at his watch.

MAX
Oh, the play's almost done. Come on, let's go.

Max and Leo walk out of the bar. The drunk drinks from Max and Leo's left-over glasses and falls down sideways to the ground.

INT. SCHUBERT THEATRE - NIGHT

The audience claps loudly and excitedly as Roger smiles at the audience. He stands in front of the curtain and then sits down on the stage, ala Judy Garland at the Palace.

ROGER
I was just a paper hanger, no one more obscurer. Got a phone call from the Reichstags, told me I was Fuhrer. What, oh, what to do. Oh, Germany was blue.
(stands up)
Hitched up my pants and conquered France. Now, Deutschland's smiling through. Oh, it ain't no mystery if it's politics or history, the thing you gotta know is everything is show biz. Heil myself. Watch my show. I'm the German Ethel Merman, don't you know? We are crossing borders, the new world order is here. With a great big smile,
(MORE)

ROGER (cont'd)
everyone shout "Zieg Heil!" to me.
Wonderful me! And now it's...

The curtain goes up and Nazi soldiers march down the stage.

NAZI SOLDIERS
Springtime for Hitler and Germany.
Goose step's the new step today.

Ulla walks on stage, dressed like a Nazi poster girl.

NAZI SOLDIERS
Bombs falling from the skies again.

The sound of a bomb dropping is heard.

NAZI SOLDIERS
Deutschland is on the rise again.

A mirror appears at the back of the stage, giving a bird's eye view of the action. Ulla, Roger and the Nazi soldiers join together and form a Busby Berkeley-style Swastika.

ALL
Springtime for Hitler and Germany.
U-boats are sailing once more.
Springtime for Hitler and Germany.

The soldiers slowly un-attach and actors dressed as tanks and air bombers parachute down in cheesy costumes.

ROGER
Means that.

NAZI SOLDIERS
Soon we'll be going.

ROGER
Come on, let's get going.

NAZI SOLDIERS
Yes, we'll being going.

ROGER
You bet we'll be going!

ALL
You know we'll be going to war!

Roger steps on a globe and does the Nazi salute as the play ends and streamers pop out of the tanks.

The audience immediately applaud, giving a standing ovation. Roger pushes through, giving quiet thank yous to the crowd. Carmen rushes to the stage, with a bouquet of a flower and throws them to Roger. Catching them, he gets giddy and then nervously kisses Ulla on the lips. The Hitler mustache appears under Ulla’s nose as Roger lets go of her.

INT. MAX’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Leo enters the office and switches the light on. Hanging on the ceiling is a banner: "Congratulations, it’s a hit!" Leo walks over to the waste paper bin and takes out his blue blanket, which he smothered all over his face.

Max walks in, reading a newspaper.

MAX
"A surprise smash."

LEO
No way out.

MAX
"A satirical masterpiece."

LEO
No way out.

MAX
It was shocking, outrageous, insulting...and I loved every minuted of it."

LEO
No way out!

MAX
What happened? We picked the wrong play, the wrong director, the wrong cast. Where did we go right?

Max rips off the banner, grumbling and crunching it up, throwing it to the ground. He lies down on the sofa, putting his head down. He hears the sounds of a lock turning and a door closing. He turns and notices Leo rushing to the door with the accounting books.

MAX
Where are you going with those books?

LEO
I’m going to turn myself in. It’s the only one. I will cooperate with the authorities and then there’s time off for good behaviour. I might even get a job at the prison library.

MAX
Leo, you’re delirious. Come on, just calm down for a moment.
(beat)
Give me those books!

Max struggles as he tries to take the books out of Leo’s hands.

LEO
Oh, I never should have listened to you. I was an honest man before I met you.

MAX
An honest man? You were an honest mouse! Give me those books!

LEO
Oh, how I hate you!

MAX
Double! Double!

Leo drops down on the sofa, Max landing on top of him. Max manages to take the book out of Leo’s grasp. Max laughs, cruelly.

LEO
Fat!

MAX
I’m not that fat.

LEO
Fat! Fat! Fatty!

Leo pushes Max’s hat down over his face and punches him in the stomach. Max drops to the ground.

LEO
Give me those fat books, you fat walrus!

Leo drops down on top of Max, who lies on top of the books.

LEO
Give them to me!

MAX
No!

LEO
Give them to me!

MAX
No!

Roger and Carmen barge in, holding hands and hopping along.

ROGER/CARMEN
Congratulations!

They look down at Max and Leo.

LEO
Give them to me!

MAX
No!

ROGER
Now that’s why I call celebrating.

Max pushes Leo off of him and heads towards Roger.

MAX
You lousy fruit! You’ve ruined him.

CARMEN
Why, you ungrateful ingrate! After he came in and save your little show.

Max grabs the chains around Carmen’s neck.

CARMEN
Ahhhh! He’s got my chains! He’s got my chains!

The sound of gun shots are heard and Franz barges in. He wears a cast on his leg. Max, Leo, Roger and Carmen cower on the couch.

FRANZ
You have broken the Siegfried Oath! You must die! You all most die!

The foursome scream, running around the office as Franz shoots. Max and Leo go onto the balcony while Roger and Carmen are behind the sofa.

ROGER
What are you doing, you Neo-Nazi nitwit? Your show is a hit.

FRANZ
Who cares? You made a fool out of Hitler.

ROGER/CARMEN
He didn’t need our help!

Roger and Carmen duck as Franz shoots, hitting the balcony window. Franz walks onto the balcony. Roger opens the door to the closet.

ROGER
Quick, darling! Back in the closet!

CARMEN
Okay.

They run into the closet. Max and Leo run back into the office.

MAX
Under the desk! Under the desk!

Max and Leo cower under the desk. Franz walks out of the balcony.

FRANZ
This is no good. I’m not killing anybody.
(sees Max and Leo under the desk)
Ah, there you are, Bialystock and Bloom.

MAX
Remember when I said when we’re in too deep?

LEO
Yeah.

MAX
We’re in too deep.

Max and Leo bury their heads under their hands. Franz points the gun at them. He puts it down, disgusted.

FRANZ
Ach! Look at you, sniveling like a baby butterflies. Will you come out?

MAX/LEO
No!

FRANZ
Cowards! Franz Liebkind will show you how to die like a man.
(points gun at his head)
Soon, I will be up there with Himmler and Goebbels! I’m coming, boys!

Franz presses the trigger, but nothing happens. He tries again. And again. And again.

FRANZ
Jammed. When things go wrong.

Franz throws the gun on the sofa and it shoots in a random direction. Max climbs out from under the desk.

MAX
You Teutonic twat! What are you doing shooting at us for? Why don’t you do where it will do some real good? Why don’t you kill the actors?

FRANZ
The actors?

MAX
(imitating Franz)
Yes, the actors.
(in normal voice, starts giving him money)
Here, go, buy more bullets. Kill the actors.

FRANZ
Yes, I must kill the actors.

LEO
No!

Leo hits Franz, who drops down on the sofa again.

LEO
You can’t kill the actors. Actors are not animals. They’re human beings.

MAX
Are you sure? Have you ever eaten with one?
(to Franz)
Go, go!

The sound of a gruff, Irish voice is heard from behind the door.

POLICE (O.C.)
Open up! It’s the police!

MAX/LEO/FRANZ
The police!

Max rushes off elsewhere, while Leo runs to the door, which opens. Leo stays behind the door. The police barge in.

FRANZ
I was never a member of the Nazi Party!

Roger and Carmen run out of the closet.

CARMEN
Oh, officers!

POLICE
What happened?

ROGER
Officer, this man crashed in here and crassly tried to kill us.

CARMEN
Oh, Roger. What an alliteration.

ROGER
Thank you, darling.

Carmen and Roger giggle amongst themselves like little school girls. Franz looks at them, disgusted.

POLICE
Okay, you’re free to go.

ROGER/CARMEN
Thank you!

Roger and Carmen rush out of the office.

POLICE
(to Franz)
Tried to kill ’em, eh?
(to other officer)
Take him downtown, to Sing-Sing!

FRANZ
(running to door)
Sing-Sing! Nein! You’ll never catch me alive!

Franz exits the office and the sound of crashing and screaming is heard.

POLICE
What happened?

FRANZ
I broke my other leg.

The policeman hears a sound of a door knob turning and walks over to a nearby door. He opens it. Max is standing there holding a suitcase.

POLICE
What’s going on? Who are you?

MAX
(in Irish accent, getting higher pitched with each word)
The name’s O’Bialystock and I was just on my way to the Patty O’Brien film festival when I heard the commotion and wondered what the hell was going on. And now, it appears I best be going before my voice gets any higher. So, as they say in the old country...
(in normal voice)
Taxi!

POLICE
Hold on.

The policeman grabs Max’s arm as he tries to leave the office. A younger policeman walks over carrying the accounting books.

YOUNGER POLICE
Hey, chief. Look at these two accounting books I found. This one says "Show to the IRS."

POLICE
What does the other one say?

YOUNGER POLICE
"Never show to the IRS."

POLICE
(to Max)
Come on, you three are going downtown.

MAX
Three?

POLICE
Yeah, you and those two books.

The policemen drag Max out of the office.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

Ulla rushes into the office. She looks around.

ULLA
Leo! Max! Everyone is waiting for you at the opening night after party.

LEO (O.C.)
Ulla, help me!

Ulla turns and shuts the door. Leo hangs on the hanger.

ULLA
Leo, what happened? I know, you tried to hang your coat with yourself in it.

LEO
Ulla, please help me down.

Ulla helps Leo down.

LEO
Oh, Ulla. The police and they took Max.

ULLA
Oh, they found the books.

LEO
Oh, I gotta go save him.

ULLA
Well, it appears you have two choices. Either you turn yourself in and spend cold, dark days in prison. Or you can take that two million dollars and go to Rio with Ulla.

LEO
Oh, what do I do? Turn myself in or run off to paradise? What a dilemma.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Max stares out miserably, his face on the bars. A guard walks past him.

PRISON GUARD
Hey fatty!

MAX
I’m not that fat!

PRISON GUARD
Says you! Here, you got a postcard.

The guard hands Max the postcard.

MAX
A postcard? From where?

PRISON GUARD
Brazil.

MAX
Brazil? Who do I know in Brazil?
(beat)
Why am I asking you?

As the guard walks off, Max proceeds to read the card.

MAX
(reading)
Dear Max. Rio is everything you said it was and more.

The camera zooms in on the postcard.

EXT. RIO APARTMENT - MORNING

Leo and Ulla sit at a table sharing a plate of herrings.

MAX (V.O.)
Ulla and I think of you every chance we get. Like in the morning, when we have breakfast on our terrace. Many different herrings.

EXT. RIO APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Ulla lies on her front, while Leo spreads lotion on her back.

MAX (V.O.)
Or in the afternoon, when we cover ourselves with banana cream oil...#45.

Leo places his cream-drenched hands on Ulla’s back and slides down.

EXT. RIO APARTMENT - EVENING

Ulla and Leo samba together.

MAX (V.O.)
Or in the evening, when we samba together in the moonlight.

Ulla and Leo dance past a performing samba band.

SAMBA BAND
You’ll find your happiness in Rio.
The beaches are strung with pearls.
The waves all blow in Rio. And so,
we hear, do the girls.

EXT. RIO APARTMENT - DAY

Leo sits at a table reading a magazine. Ulla walks out and looks seductively at him. Leo leaps up.

MAX (V.O.)
Sorry, must run. Ulla's waiting. It's almost eleven. Wish you were here. Your pal, Leo.

Leo gives a grin off-camera as he shuts the door.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Max lies on his bed and the music rises up.

MAX
Just like Cain and Abel, you pulled a sneak attack. I thought that we were brothers, then you stabbed me in the back. Betrayed. Oh, boy, I'm so betrayed.

Max gets up and starts to moves faster around his prison cell.

MAX
Oy, have I been taken? Oy, I'm so forsaken. I should have known what came to pass, I should have known to watch my ass. I feel like Othello. Everything is lost. Leo is Iago, Max is double-crossed. Oh, I'm so dismayed. Did I mention I'm betrayed? I used to be the king, but now I am the fool. A captain without a ship, a rabbi without a shul. Now I'm about to go to jail, there's no-one who can pay my bail. No-one I can cry to. Nobody I can say goodbye to.

Max drops down on the ground.

MAX
I'm drowning, I'm drowning here. I see my whole life, flashing before my eyes. I'm running through the fields of alfalfa with my collie, Rex. No, Rex. Not on the alfalfa. And I see my mother on the back porch in a worn, but clean gighan gown. She's calling out to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLD SOUTHERN PORCH - DAY

An old woman, looking just like Max, but with old lady glasses and Southern clothing calls out.

MOTHER
Alvin! Alvin! Don’t forget your chores! The wood nears a cording and the cow need a milking! Alvin! Al---

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

MAX
Wait a minute. My name’s not Alvin. That’s not my life. Somebody else’s life is flashing before my eyes. What the hell is that about? I’m not a hillbilly. I grew up in the Bronx. Leo’s taken everything. Even my past.

Max gets up, furious.

MAX
My past’s a dying ember. But, wait, now I remember. Now, how did it begin? He walked into my office with that cockamamie scheme. "You can make more money with a flop than with a hit." **We Can Do It. We Can Do It.** "I can’t do it." **We Can Do It.** "I can’t do it. Goodbye Max."
(kneels, looking upwards)
Lord, I want that money!
(gets up)
"I’m back, Max." **Come on, Leo. We Can Do It.** Step 1: Find the play. See it, smell it, touch it, kiss it. Hello, Mr. Liebkind. **Guten Tag Hop Clop. Guten Tag Hop Clap.** Adolf Elizabeth Hitler? **Guten Tag Hop Clop. Guten Tag Hop Clop.** Step 2: Hire the director. **Keep it gay, keep it gay, keep it--** Two, three, kick, turn. Turn, turn, kick, turn. Ulla. Oh, wow, wow, we, wow, wow. Step 3: Raise the money. **Along Came**
(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)
Bialy. Step 4: Hire all the actors. **A wandering mistrel, I. A thing of shreds and--** Next! The Little Wooden Boy. Next! That's Our Hitler! **Opening Night.** Good luck, good luck, good luck. Break a leg. I broke my leg. **Springtime for Hitler and Germany.** "A surprise smash." **Springtime for Hitler and Germany.** "It will run for years. **Where did we go right? Where did we go right?** Give me those books. Fat, fat, fatty. Give my those books. Fat, fat, fatty. Books, fat, books, fat. Lousy fruit. Kill the actors. You ever eat with one? **Then you ran to Rio and you're safely out of reach. I'm behind these bars. You're banging Ulla on the beach! Just like Julius Caesar was betrayed by Brutus. Who'd think an accountant would turn out to be my Judas? I'm so dismayed. Is this how I'm repaid? To be betrayed. Betrayed.**

Max crumples the post-card, looking angrily into the camera.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Max sits with his lawyer facing the judge. Near him sit the little old ladies with the jury on the other side.

JUDGE
How does the jury find the defendant?

JURY MEMBER
We find the defendant...to be incredibly guilty.

The little old ladies gasp sadly.

HOLD ME TOUCH ME
Hold me. Touch me.

MAX
I'm a little busy right now.

JUDGE
Does the defendant have any last words before sentence is passed?

MAX
Yes, your honour. I have.
(stands up)
I know for the last couple of years, I have been a lying, deceiving, money-grabbing cad. Yet, I had no choice. I was a Broadway producer and for once, I thought I had found a loyal partner. But, that’s not the saddest part, because now, when I need him the most, he’s run off and it looks like I will never see him again.

LEO (O.C.)
That’s not true!

Leo, in a bright blue suit, with Ulla at his arm appear from the back of the courtroom and start walking down the room with lively samba music playing in the background. Everyone in the courtroom starts dancing.

JUDGE
Order! Order! Stop that samba!

The judge bangs his hammer down, stopping the music instantly.

JUDGE
Who are you?

LEO
I am Leopold Bloom. I am Mr. Bialystock’s partner and I have come to speak on his behalf.

JUDGE
And who are you, my dear?

ULLA
My name is Ulla Inga Hansen Bensen Yonsen Tallen-Hallen Svaden-Svanson...Bloom.

JUDGE
Bloom? You married him?

ULLA
Well, he only said we'd do it if we got married.

JUDGE
What a schmuck. Now, tell me, Mr. Bloom. Why would you come back and risk yourself being put in prison with him?

LEO
Well, to speak on his behalf. If I may address the court, I know Max Bialystock is a lying, back-stabbing, greedy...

MAX
Don't help me.

LEO
Now, I know the law was created to help people from being harmed. Yet, who has Max Bialystock harmed? Not these old ladies, who helped feel young and useful. And me, oh, certainly. I never sang a song with anyone before, until Max Bialystock came along. And I know it's not a big legal point, but nobody ever called me Leo before. Even in kindergarten, they would call it Bloom. You see, when I was in Rio and I had everything I had ever dreamed of, I realised that this man...this man...
(singing)
No one every made me feel like someone 'Til him. Life was really nothing but a glum one 'Til him. My existence bordered on the tragic. Always timid, never took a chance. Then I felt his magic. And my heart began to dance. I was always frightened, fraught with worry... 'Til him. I was going nowhere in a hurry 'Til him. He filled up my empty life. Filled it to the brim. There could never ever be another one...like him.

MAX
Wow, Leo. All this time I never realised...you're a good singer.

LEO
Thank you, Max.

MAX
No, I mean it. You’re like a professional.

LEO
Well, I sang it for you, Max. I sang it, because you’re my friend.

MAX
Gee, I’ve had a lot of relationships, but you couldn’t call any of them friends. But come to think of it. **No one ever ever really knew me, til him.**

The little old ladies get up and sing loudly and annoying.

MAX
Everyone was always out to screw me, til him.

LITTLE OLD LADIES
(singing loudly)
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

MAX
Never met a man I ever trusted. Always dealt with shysters in the past. Now, I’m well adjusted, because I’ve got a friend at last.

LITTLE OLD LADIES
(singing loudly)
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

MAX
Don’t help me. **Always playing singles, never doubles.**

Max walks out of the courtroom, while on the last key. After a beat, he walks back in with his hands up, followed by the bailiff with a gun.

MAX
Never had a pal to share my troubles, til him.

LEO
He filled up my empty life.

MAX/LEO
Filled it to the brim.

LEO
There could never ever be another one...like him.

Max rests his head on Leo’s shoulder.

JUDGE
Well, it breaks my heart to break up such a beautiful friendship. So, I won’t.
(hits hammer)
Twelve months in the stage penitentiary at Sing-Sing!

EXT. SING-SING PRISON - DAY

A prison is surrounded by a large chain-link fence and a sign on he front reads "Sing-Sing Prison."

INT. SING-SING PRISON - DAY

A prisoner sings at the top of his lungs.

PRISONER #1
Gotta sing, sing!

PRISONER #2
Gotta sing, sing!

Franz, sitting in a wheel chair with casts on both legs, plays at the piano. Beside him is Hilda, also dressed in prison clothes.

FRANZ
Oh, you can lock us up and lose the key and hearts and minds are always free. Prisoners of love, blue turtle doves, ’cause we’re still prisoners of love.

Leo sits at a desk with a stamp, papers and money. A line of prisoners stands in front of him, handing him money.

LEO
Congratulations, you now own 50% of ’Prisoners of Love.’

Max walks up to him.

MAX
Hey, Leo, how much have you sold so far?

LEO
I have now sold 600% of the show.

MAX
Well, go on. Keep selling, keep selling.

Max walks over to the prisoners fighting on stage. He grabs a knife from one of them.

MAX
Hey, how many times have I told you ’no knife fights in rehearsal.’

Max walks over to another prisoner, snapping his fingers to himself.

MAX
What are you in for? Lack of rhythm? Back in line, come on. Okay, you animals! From the top! Hit it, Franz!

Max and the prisoners dance a choreographed number while Franz plays the piano.

PRISONERS
Prisoners of Love.

MAX
Yes!

PRISONERS
Blue skies above can’t keep our hearts in jail.

MAX
Tempo, fellas, keep up that tempo!

PRISONERS
Prisoners of love!

MAX
That’s it!

PRISONERS
Our turtle doves soon coming round with bail!

MAX
Just the murderers!

As Leo walks up to the stage, a guard stop him.

PRISON GUARD
Hey, Bloom. The warden wants to make a little investment in your production.

The guard hands Leo a great wad of cash. Leo does a quick count.

LEO
Tell the warden he now owns 100% of the show.

GUARD
Thanks.

Leo gets up on the stage and joins the number.

LEO
Sing out, prisoners! Let them hear you in solitary!

MAX
Take it home, boys! We open on Leavenworth on Saturday night!

A prisoner holding a letter runs over to the gang.

PRISONER WITH LETTER
Hey, Bialystock, Bloom, Leibkind! Good news. This just came from the governor.
(reading)
"You are hereby pardoned for bring song and dance into the hearts of every murderer, rapist and sex maniac in Sing-Sing." You’re free!

MAX
Free? Next stop, ’Prisoners of Love’ on Broadway!

Everyone cheers with excitement.

FRANZ
Oh, Hilda. We must tell the other birds.

PRISONERS
Because hearts and minds are always free!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHUBERT THEATRE - NIGHT

The marquee reads "Bialystock & Bloom Present: Prisoners of Love. A New Franz Leibkind Musical."

INT. SCHUBERT THEATRE - NIGHT

The theatre is full of people. The stage is decorated with prison cells. Ulla stands in the middle with a prison outfit and holding a ball and chain.

ULLA
Gotta sing, sing. Sing, sing.

Actresses wearing similar costumes walk on stage, swinging their balls and chains.

FEMALE "PRISONERS"
Prisoners of love. Blue skies above can’t help our hearts in jail.

Roger, dressed as a prison guard, appears on stage, acting his usual self.

ROGER
Can’t keep our hearts in jail.

FEMALE "PRISONERS"
Prisoners of love. Blue turtle doves...

ROGER
Soon coming round with bail.

FEMALE "PRISONERS"
Tote that bail!

ROGER/MALE PRISONERS
You can lock us up and lose the key, but hearts and minds are always free. Prisoners of love, blue skies above, cause we’re still prisoners, we’re still prisoners, we’re still prisoners of love, love, love, love, love, love, love,
(MORE)

ROGER/MALE PRISONERS (cont'd)
love, love, love, love, love, love, love.

Franz, his pigeons and Carmen watch in happiness as the audience stand to give a standing ovation. At the back of the theatre, Leo and Max watch the action occur.

EXT. SCHUBERT THEATRE - NIGHT

Leo and Max walk out of the theatre, incredibly happy. Finally, Max hands Leo a "producers hat." Leo excitedly puts it on and gives a thumbs up to Max, who does the same. They look towards the camera and give their farewell dance.

MAX/LEO
Leo and Max. Back off the tracks. Going the Great White Way. Leo and Max, up off our backs. We're back on top to stay, so when we take your money, never fear. We'll knock Broadway right on its ear. The cast is great, the script is swell, but this we're telling you sirs. It's no go if you got no show without the producers. We'll never quit, hit after hit.

A marquee appears: "Bialystock and Bloom Present."

ENSEMBLE (O.C.)
The Producers.

Leo and Max shake hands and start to walk into the sunset as different marquees appear before the camera. "High Button Jews." "She Shtupps to Conquer." "A Streetcar Named Murray." "Katz." "South Passaic." "Funny Boy 2." "Death of a Salesman...On Ice!"

ENSEMBLE (O.C.)
Leo and Max!

THE END